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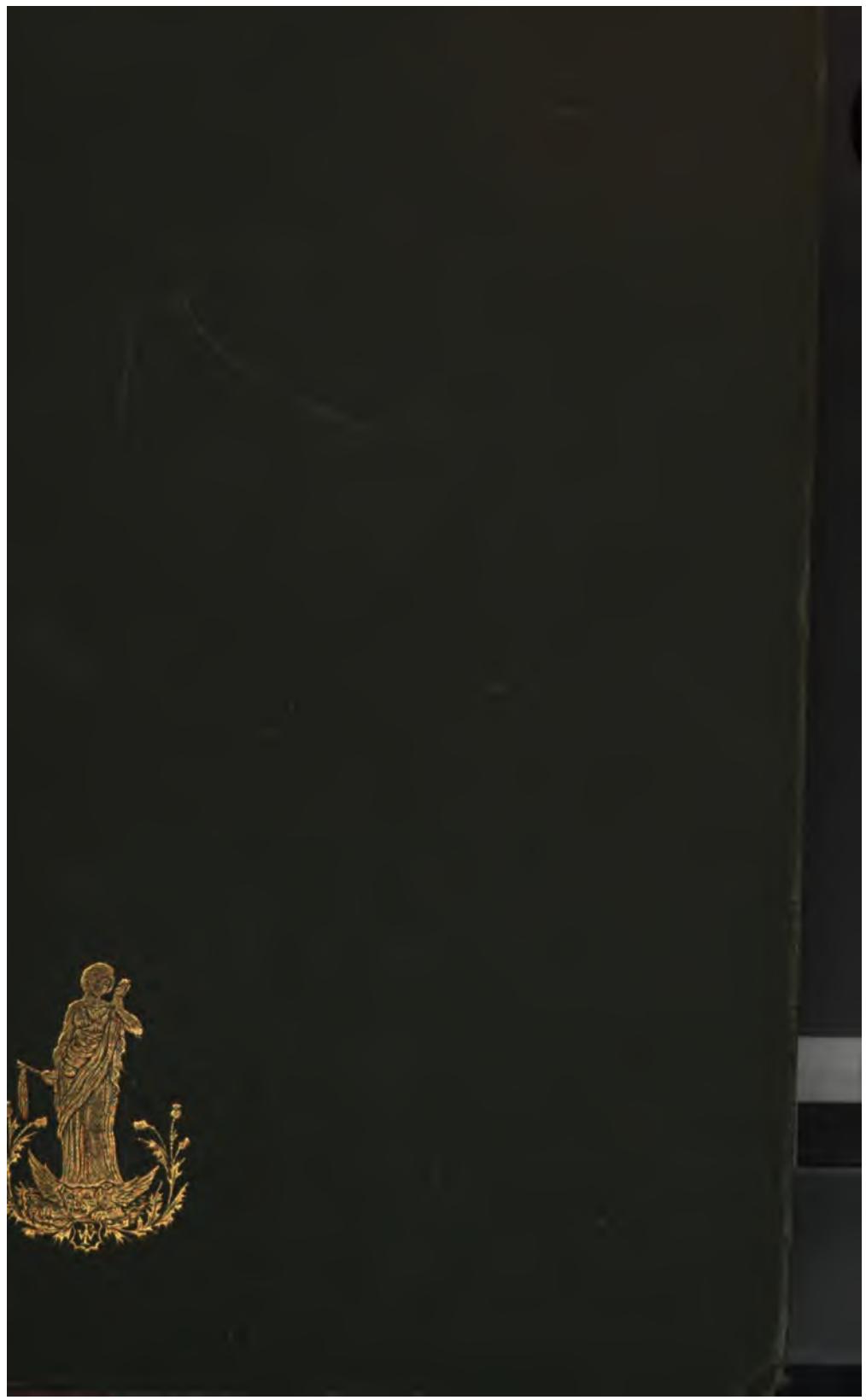
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Dramatic Works

OF

SHAKESPEARE

To the Reader.

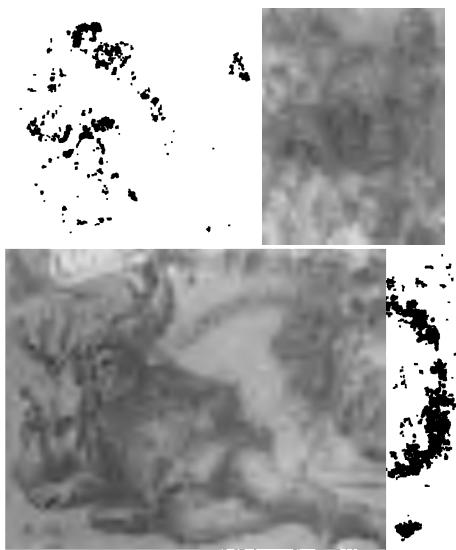
'This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to out-doo the life :
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpassee
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.





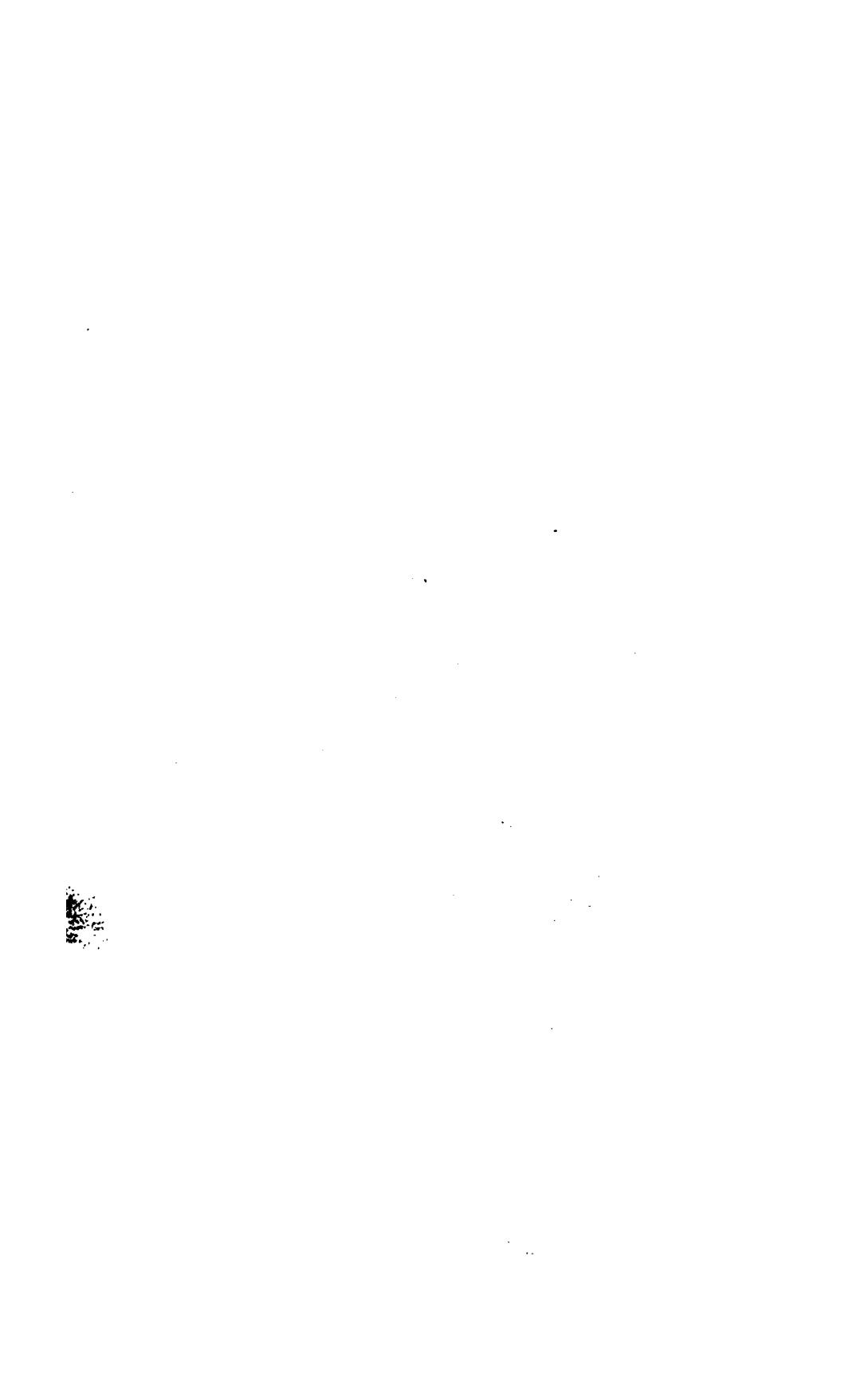
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





Dramatic Works
of
SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION

Illustrated with *Etchings*

VOLUME FIRST

STANFORD
EDINBURGH
WILLIAM PATERSON
1883

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УКАЗЫ ДЛЯ ПОДАЧИ

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Etched by M. Monziès, from the original Designs of M. Pillé.

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Of this issue of the Works of William Shakespeare there
have been printed **FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES**,
of which this is

No. ~~247~~
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To the great Variety of Readers.



Rom the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighed. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well: It is now publique, & you will stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed,

and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them : even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbis ; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. (His mind and hand went together : And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.) But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you : for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore ; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides : if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

*John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.*



To the memory of my beloved,
The AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

what he hath left us,

SHAKESPEARE, O draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and fame :
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayer
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise :
For seeliest Ignorance or these may light,
Whiche, when it sounds at best, but echo's right ;
Or blinde Affection, whiche doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more ?
But thou art prooife against them, and indeed
Above th'll fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age !
The Applause ! delight ! the wonder of our Stage !
My Shakespeare, rise ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont ly
A little further, to make thee a roome :
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art alwey still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses ;

*I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses
For, if I thought my judgement were of geeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names ; but call forth thundring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage : Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shewe,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of a age, but for all time !
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
when like Apollo he came forth to warme
Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme !
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines !
which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
But antiquated, and deserted lye
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all : Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that be,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second beat*

*Upon the Muses anvile : turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame :
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines :
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance :
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage ;
Which, since thy flight from hence, bath mourn'd, like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.*

BEN: JOHNSON.



Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous
Scenic Poet, Master WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE.



Hose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* brave ; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes :
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heav'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd in the *Thespian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phæbus* clouds his rayes :
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this :
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.



TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Authour Maister

W. SHAKESPEARE.

*H*ake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes : thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must, when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages : when Posteritie
Shall loathe what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares ; ev'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be Sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo ;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlyng Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. W. *Shakespeare*.

VV^{EE} *wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone*
From the World's Stage to the Graves Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie ;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

The Workes of William Shakespeare,
containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies : Truely set forth, according to their first
ORIGINALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.



William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armin.
John Hemmings.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips.	Nathan Field.
William Kempt.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone.
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Gouge.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson.
Samuell Crosse.	John Shancke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.



TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Majesty.

AND

PHILIP

Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

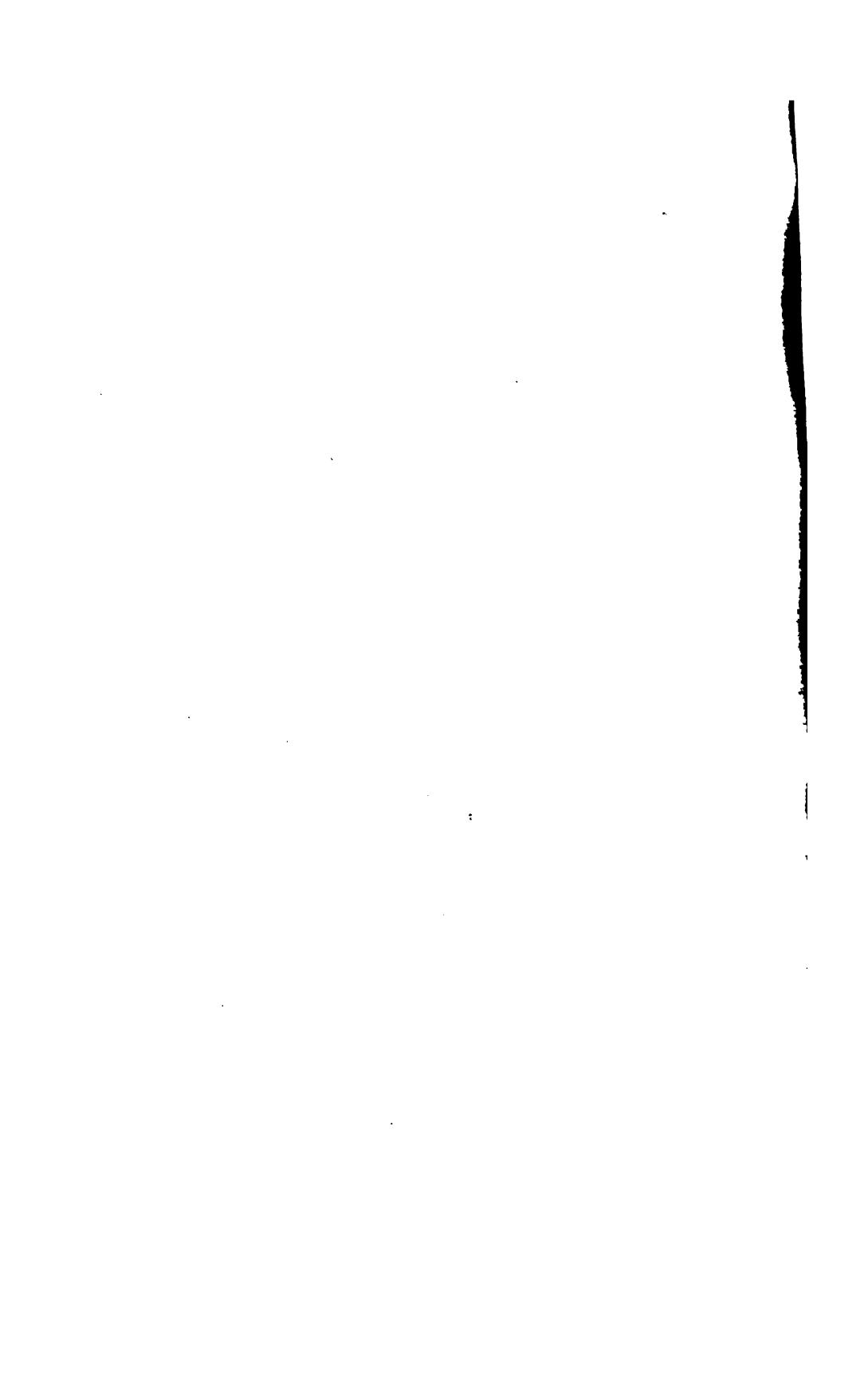
WHilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for
the many favours we have received from your
L.L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle
two the most diverse things that can bee, feare,
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the
successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine,
we cannot bat know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them
trifles, we have depriv'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication.
But since your L.L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these
trifles some-thing, beeretofore; and have prosecutued both them,
and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope, that

The Epistle Dedicatore.

(they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be execuator to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruities, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.





THE TEMPEST

Act I Sc II



THE T E M P E S T.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a
Ship-master, and a Boteswaine.*

Master.

Bote-swaine.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selves a ground, bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antbonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and
others.*

Alon. Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Antb. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more love then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, use your authoritie: If you cannot, give thankes you have liv'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say.

Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exit.

Enter Boterwaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague ——

A cry within. *Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*
upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we give ore and drowne, have you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Ansb. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noysemaker, we are lesee afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet.
Though every drop of water sweare against it.
And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
Mercy on us.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife and children,
Farewell brother : we split, we split, we split.

Antb. Let's all sinke with' King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground : Long heath, Browne firs, any thing ; the wills above be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you have Put the wild waters in this Rore ; alay them : The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke, Dashes the fire out. Oh ! I have suffered With those that I saw suffer : A brave vessell (Who had no doubt some noble creature in her) Dash'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke Against my very heart : poore soules, they perish'd. Had I byn any God of power, I would Have suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting Soules within her.

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement : Tell your pitteous heart
There's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Pros. No harme :
 I have done nothing, but in care of thee
 (Of thee my deere one ; thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
 Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
 Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
 And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
 Did never medle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
 I should informe thee farther : Lend thy hand
 And plucke my Magick garment from me : So,
 Lye there my Art : wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
 The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
 The very vertue of compassion in thee :
 I have with such provision in mine Art
 So safely ordered, that there is no soule
 No not so much perdition as an hayre
 Betid to any creature in the vessell
 Which thou heardst cry ; which thou saw'st sinke : Sit downe,
 For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
 And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
 Concluding, stay : not yet.

Pros. The howr's now come
 The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this Cell ?
 I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
 Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Pros. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
 Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off :
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Fowre, or five women once, that tended me ?

Pros. Thou hadst ; and more *Miranda* : But how is it
That this lives in thy minde ? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time ?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.
Pros. Twelve yere since (*Miranda*) twelve yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father ?
Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princesse ; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther ;

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio* :
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity ; and for the liberall Artes,

Without a paralell ; those being all my studie,
 The Government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my State grew stranger, being transported
 And rapt in secret studie, thy false uncle
 (Do st thou attend me :)

Mirr. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
 How to deny them : who t'advance, and who
 To trash for over-topping ; new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key,
 Of Officer, and office, at all hearts i'th state
 To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
 The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
 And suckt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'st not ?

Mirr. O good Sir, I doe.

Pros. I pray thee marke me :
 I thus negleeting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closesnes, and the bettering of my mind
 With that, which but by being so retir'd
 Ore-priz'd all popular rate : in my false brother
 Awak'd an evill nature, and my trust
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
 As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not onely with what my revenew yelded,
 But what my power might els exact. Like one
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a synner of his memorie
 To credite his owne lie, he did beleeve
 He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
 And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
 With all prerogative : hence his Ambition growing :
 Do st thou heare ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Pros. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millanie*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedom large enough : of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens :

Pros. Marke his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes have borne bad sonnes,

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother : Whereon
A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pitty :
I not rememb'ring how I cri'de out then
Will cry it ore againe : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,

And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse
 Which now's upon's : without the which, this Story
 Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
 That howre destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, wench :
 My Tale provokes that question : Deare, they durst not,
 So deare the love my people bore me : nor set
 A marke so bloudy on the businesse : but
 With colours fairer, painted their foule enda.
 In few, they hurried us a-boord a Barke,
 Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
 A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
 Instinctively have quit it : There they hoyst us
 To cry to th' Sea, that roard to us ; to sigh
 To th' windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you ?

Pro. O, a Cherubin
 Thou was't that did preserve me ; Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomacke, to beare up
 Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore ?

Pro. By providence divine,
 Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
 A noble *Neopolitan* *Gonzalo*
 Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
 Master of this designe) did give us, with
 Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
 Which since have steeded much ; so of his gentlenesse

Knowing I lov'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow :
Heere in this Iland we arriv'd, and heere
Have I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that have more time
For vainer howres ; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Hevens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my minde ; your reason
For raysing this Sea-storme ?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore : And by my prescience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit ; my fortunes
Will ever after droope : Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe : 'tis a good dulnesse,
And give it way : I know thou canst not chuse :
Come away, Servant, come ; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All haile, great Master, grave Sir, haile : I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire : to ride
On the curld cloudes : to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualtie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performed to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To every Article,
I boorded the Kings ship : now on the Beake,

Now in the Waste, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
 I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd divide
 And burne in many places ; on the Top-mast,
 The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meete, and joyne. *Joves* Lightning, the precursers
 O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
 And sight out-running were not ; the fire, and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit,
 Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
 Would not infect his reason ?

Ar. Not a soule
 But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
 Some tricks of desperation ; all but Mariners
 Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell ;
 Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
 With haire up-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
 Was the first man that leapt ; cride hell is empty,
 And all the Divels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit :
 But was not this nye shore ?

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe ?

Ar. Not a haire perishd :
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher then before : and as thou badst me,
 In troops I have dispersd them 'bout the Isle :
 The Kings sonne have I landed by himselfe,
 Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
 In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
 His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
 The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,

And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me up at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid ;
The Marriners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme joynd to their suffred labour
I have left asleep : and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met againe,
And are upon the *Mediterranian Flote*
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more worke :
What is the time o'th' day ?

Ar. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two Glasses : the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle ? Since you dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie ?
What is't thou canst demand ?

Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out ? no more !
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings ; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ar. No.
Pro. Thou do'st : and thinkst it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe ;

To run upon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing : hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was growne into a hoope ? hast thou forgot her ?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast : where was she born ? speak : tell me :

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so : I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischieves manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd : for one thing she did
They wold not take her life : Is not this true ?

Ar. I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was bither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Sailors ; thou my slave,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her servant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres : within which space she di'd,
And left thee there : where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheelees strike : Then was this Island
(Save for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekell'd whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes : *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so : he, that *Caliban*

Whom now I keepe in service, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in ; thy grones
Did make wolves howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry Beares ; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe undoe : it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar.

I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ar.

Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.

Pro. Doe so : and after two daies
I will discharge thee.

Ar.

That's my noble Master :

What shall I doe ? say what ? what shall I doe ?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine : invisible
To every eye-ball else : goe take this shape
And hither come in't : goe : hence
With diligence.

Exit.

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off : Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yeelds us kinde answere.

Mir. "Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not love to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him : he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices

That profit us : What hoa : slave : *Caliban* :
Thou Earth, thou : speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee :
Come thou Tortoys, when ? *Enter Ariel like a water-Nymph.*
Fine apparision : my queint *Ariel*,
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poysonus slave, got by the divell himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam ; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Ravens feather from unwholesome Fen
Drop on you both : A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, Urchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner :
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me : when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me : wouldest give me
Water with berries in't : and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night : and then I lov'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits ; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so : All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax* : Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you :
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was min owne King : and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindnes : I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done :
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill : I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other : when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine owne meaning ; but wouldest gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne : But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deserv'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse : the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence :
Fetch us in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse : shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou negle&tst, or dost unwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vassale of him.

Pro. So slave, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. *Come unto these yellow sands,*
and then take hands :
Curtsey when you have, and kist
the wilde waves whist :

Foote it fearely beere, and there, and swete Sprights beare
the burthen. *Burthen dispersedly.*

Harke, barke, bowgh waugh : the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-waugh.

Ar. Hark, bark, I beare, the straine of strutting Chanticlere
cry cockadidle-dowe.

Fer. Where shold this Musick be ? I'th aire, or th' earth ?
 It sounds no more : and sure it waytes upon
 Some God 'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke,
 Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
 This Musicke crept by me upon the waters,
 Allaying both their fury, and my passion
 With it's sweet ayre : thence I have follow'd it
 (Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
 No, it begins againe.

Ariell Song. Full fadom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corrall made :
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange :
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen : ding dong.

Harke now I beare them, ding-dong bell.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
 This is no mortall busines, nor no sound
 That the earth owes : I heare it now above me,

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
 And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. *What is't a Spirit ?*

Lord, how it lookes about : Beleeve me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have : such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke : and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) you might'st call him
A goodly person : he hath lost his fellowes,
And strayes about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturall
I ever saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it : Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend : Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instrucion give
How I may beare me heere : my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no ?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language ? Heavens :
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How ? the best ?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee ?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples* : he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe : my selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*

And his brave sonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*

And his more braver daughter, could controll thee

If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight

They have chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,

Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,

I feare you have done yourselfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that ere I saw: the first

That ere I sigh'd for: pitty move my father

To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you

The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.

They are both in eythers pow'r: But this swift busines

I must uneasie make, least too light winning

Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee

That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere usurpe

The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe

Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it

From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,

If the ill-spirit have so fayre a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,

Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:

Sea water shalst thou drinke: thy food shall be

The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes

Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment, till

Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Pros. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Pros. Hence, hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir have pity,
Ile be his surety.

Pros. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seene but him and *Caliban* :) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe.
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th'Earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. It workes : Come on.
 Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell* : follow me,
 Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
 My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
 Then he appeares by speech : this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountaine windes ; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

Ariell. To th'syllable.

Pros. Come follow : speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry ; you have cause,
 (So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
 Is much beyond our losse ; our hint of woe
 Is common, every day, some Sailors wife,
 The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
 Have just our Theame of woe ; but for the miracle,
 (I meane our preservation) few in millions
 Can speake like us : then wisely (good Sir) weigh
 Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alons. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wit,
 By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One : Tell.

Gon. When every greefe is entertaind,
 That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Doulour comes to him indeed, you have spoken truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier then I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done : But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done : The wager ?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So ; you'r paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save meanes to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes ?

How green ?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No : he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the variety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht varieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lyes ?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow ? A pox o'that : how came that Widdow in ? Widdow *Dido* !

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *Aeneas* too ? Good Lord, how you take it ?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you ? You make me study of that : She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage* ?

Gon. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next ?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now *Queene*.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it: I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against The stomacke of my sense: would I had never Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from *Italy* removed, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,
I saw him beate the surges under him,
And ride upon their backes; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th'shore; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releeve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.
Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Africcan,
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of us: and the faire soule her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame should bow: we have lost your son,
I feare for ever: *Millaine* and *Naples* have
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st o'th'losse.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, poverty,
And use of service, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No use of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soveraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endevour : Treason, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not have : but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects ?

Ant. None (man) all idle ; Whores and knaves,

Gon. I would with such perfection governe Sir :
T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty.

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir ?

Alon. Pre-thee no more : thou dost talke nothing to me.

Gon. I do well beleeve your Highnesse, and did it to minister
occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble
Lungs, that they alwayes use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you :
so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given ?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave mettal : you would lift the
Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it five weekes
without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so
weakly : Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare us.

Alon. What, all soone asleepe ? I wish mine eyes
Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it :

It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you : Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them :

Ant. It is the quality o' th' Clymate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke ? I finde

Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble :
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke : what might
Worthy *Sebastian* ? O, what might ? no more :
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be : th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What : art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake ?

Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language ; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe : What is it thou didst say ?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving :
And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe : die rather : wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome : you
Must be so too, if heed me : which to do,
T'rebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow :

Seb. Do so : to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instrucſ me.

Ant. O !
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it : how in stripping it
You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclame
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir :
Although this Lord of weake remembrance ; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's alive,
'Tis as impossible that hee's undrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That hee's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you ? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of Naples ?

Seb. Claribell.
Ant. She that is Queene of Tunis : she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond mans life : she that from Naples
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post :
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes

Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue ; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stiffe is this ? How say you ?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure us backe to *Naples* ? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
T'hat now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are : There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes : Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneccesarily
As this *Gonzallo* : I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat : O, that you bore
The minde that I do ; what a sleepe were this
For your advancement ? Do you understand me ?

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune ?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True :
And looke how well my Garments sit upon me,
Much feater then before : My Brothers servants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir : where lies that ? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper : But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome : 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest : Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell : this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course : for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat lapes milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'le come by *Naples* : Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together :
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keepe them living.

Sings in Gonzaloes care.

*While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take :
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

Ant. Then let us both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa ; awake ? why are you drawn ?
Wherfore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose, (Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you? It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare; To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming, (And that a strange one too) which did awake me: I shak'd you Sir, and cri'de: as mine eyes opend, I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse, That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard; Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground and let's make further search For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heavens keepe him from these Beasts: For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I have done. So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of Thunder beard').

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne sucks up From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him By ync-h-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me, And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with Urchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire, Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke

Out of my way, unlesse he bid em ; but
For every trifle, are they set upon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me : then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall : sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse : Lo, now Lo, *Enter Trinculo.*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly : He fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all : and another Storme brewing. I heare it sing ith' winde : yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his licquor : if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head : yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What have we here, a man, or a fish ? dead or alive ? a fish, hee smels like a fish : a very ancient and fish-like smell : a kinde of, not of the newest poore-John : a strange fish : were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted ; not a holiday-foole there but would give a peece of silver : there, would this Monster, make a man : any strange beast there, makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian* : Leg'd like a man ; and his Finnes like Armes : warme o' my troth : I doe now let loose my opinion ; hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an *Islander*, that hath lately suffered by a Thunder-bolt : Alas, the storme is come againe : my best way is to creepe under his Gaberdine : there is no other shelter hereabout : Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes : I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.*
This is a very scuryt tune to sing at a mans
Funerall : well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

*Sings. The Master, the Swabb'r, the Boat-ravaine and I ;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lor'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang :
She lor'd not the succour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itcb.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a scuryt tune too :
But here's my comfort. *drinks.**

Cal. Doe not torment me : oh.

Ste. What's the matter ?

Have we divels here ?

Doe you put trickes upon's with Salvages, and Men of Inde ? ha ?
I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraed now of your foure legges :
for it hath bin said ; as proper a man as ever went on foure legs,
cannot make him give ground : and it shall be said so againe,
while *Stephano* breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me : oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs ; who
hath got (as I take it) an Ague : where the divell should he learne
our language ? I will give him some relieve if it be but for that :
if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with
him, he's a Present for any Emperour that ever trod on Neates-
leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee : I'le bring my wood home
faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now ; and doe's not talke after the wisest ;
hee shall taste of my Bottle : if hee have never drunke wine afore,
it will goe neere to remove his Fit : if I can recover him, and
keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him ; hee shall pay
for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I
know it by thy trembling : Now *Prosper* workes upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It should be,

But hee is dround; and these are divels; O defend me,

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend: his backward voice, is to utter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a divell, and no Monster: I will leave him, I have no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraed, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid mee under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my Stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a brave God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Sailors heaved o'reboord, by this Bottle

which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands,
since I was cast a'shore.

Cal. I'le sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for
the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Heere : sweare then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke : I can swim like a
Ducke I'le be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a
Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this ?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th' sea-
side, where my Wine is hid :

How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague ?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heaven ?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith'
Moone, when time was.

Cal. I have seenee thee in her : and I doe adore thee : My
Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that : kisse the Booke : I will furnish it
anon with new Contents : Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster : I
afeard of him ? a very weake Monster :

The Man ith' Moone ?

A most poore croudulous Monster :
Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee every, fertill ynch 'oth Island : and I will
kisse thy foote : I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster,
when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then : downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed
Monster : a most scurvie Monster : I could finde in my heart to
beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke :
A[n] abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs : I'le plucke thee Berries :
I'le fish for thee ; and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve ;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of a
poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow ; and I
with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts ; show thee a Jayes
nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet ; I'le
bring thee to clustering Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee
young Scamels from the Rocke : Wilt thou goe with me ?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking.
Trinculo, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee
will inherit here : Here ; beare my bottle : Fellow *Trinculo* ;
we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master ; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster : a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day,
freedom.

Ste. O brave Monster ; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Aetus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull ; & their labor
Delight in them set off : Some kindes of basenesse

Are nobly undergon ; and most poore matters
 Point to rich ends : this my meane Taske
 Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
 The Mistris which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours, pleasures : O She is
 Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed ;
 And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove
 Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction ; my sweet Mistris
 Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
 Had never like Executor : I forget :
 But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours,
 Most busie lest, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Prospero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
 Worke not so hard : I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those Logs that you are enjoynd to pile :
 Pray set it downe, and rest you : when this burnes
 'Twill weepe for having wearied you : my Father
 Is hard at study ; pray now rest your selfe,
 Hee's safe for these three hourea.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,
 The Sun will set before I shall dicharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'l sit downe
 Ile beare your Logges the while : pray give me that,
 Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
 I had rather cracke my aineves, breake my backe,
 Then you should such diabolick undergoe,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
 As well as it do's you ; and I should do it
 With much more ease : for my good will is to it,
 And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. *Admir'd Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiracion, worth
What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for severall vertues
Have I lik'd severall women, never any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of everie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine owne: Nor have I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure

This wodden slaverie, then to suffer
 The flesh-fie blow my mouth : heare my soule speake.
 The verie instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fie to your service, there resides
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven ; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
 And crowne what I professe with kinde event
 If I speake true : if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to mischiefe : I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
 Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
 To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter
 Of two most rare affections : heavens raine grace
 On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weepe you ?
Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
 What I desire to give ; and much lesse take
 What I shall die to want : But this is trifling,
 And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
 The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence baahfull cunning,
 And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
 I am your wife, if you will marrie me ;
 If not, Ile die your maid : to be your fellow
 You may denie me, but Ile be your servant
 Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (dearest)
 And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then ?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
 As bondage ere of freedome : heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't ; and now farewell

Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more : Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water,
not a drop before ; therefore beare up, & boord em'. Servant
Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monster ? the folly of this Iland, they say
there's but five upon this Isle ; we are three of them, if th'other
two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy eies are
almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they bee set else ? hee were a brave Monster
indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in sacke : for
my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam ere I could recover
the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou
shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither : but you'l lie like dogs, and yet say no-
thing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good
Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me licke thy shooe : Ile not
serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to justle

a Constable : why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day ? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster ?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord ?

Trin. Lord, quoth he ? that a Monster should be such a Naturall ?

Cal. Loe, loe againe : bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head : If you prove a mutineere, the next Tree : the poore Monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry will I : kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting Monkey thou : I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more : proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast ?

Canst thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,

Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doore, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the divell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Having first seiz'd his booke: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes. He ha's brave Utensils (for so he calles them)

Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall,
 And that most deeply to consider, is
 The beautie of his daughter : he himselfe
 Cals her a non-pareill : I never saw a woman
 But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she ;
 But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,
 As great'st do'st least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lasse ?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter and I will be
 King and Queene, save our Graces : and *Trinculo* and thy selfe
 shall be Vice-royes :
 Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo* ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee :
 But while thou liv'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,
 Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry : I am full of pleasure,
 Let us be jocond. Will you troule the Catch
 You taught me but whileare ?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,
 Any reason : Come on *Trinculo*, let us sing.

Sing.

Flout 'em, and coust 'em : and shrowt 'em, and flout 'em,
Tthought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of
 No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes :

If thou beest a divell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts : I desie thee ;
Mercy upon us,

Cal. Art thou affeard ?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not :
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine eares ; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdome to me,
Where I shall have my Musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by :
I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,
Wee'l follow : I would I could see this Taborer,
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come ?
He follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo,
Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes : here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders : by your patience,

I needs must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th'dulling of my spirits : Sit downe, and rest :
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer : he is droun'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land : well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope :
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with travaile, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (invisible:)
Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a Basket; and dance
about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inviting the King,
etc. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I say to night : no more.

Al. What harmony is this ? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens : what were these ?

Seb. A living *Drolerie* : now I will beleeve
That there are Unicorns : that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the *Phœnix* throne, one *Phœnix*
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeve both :
And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile besworne 'tis true : Travellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they beleeve me ?
If I should say I saw such Islands ;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well : for some of you there present ;
Are worse then devils.

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.
Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their Viands behinde ; for wee have stomacks,
Wilt please you taste of what is here :

Alo. Not I.
Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare : when wee were Boyes
Who would beleeve that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men.
Whose heads stood in their brests ? which now we finde
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last, no matter, since I feele
The best is past : brother : my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (*like a Harpey*) claps her
wings upon the Table, and with a quient device the Banquet
vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't : the never surfeited Sea,

Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live : I have made you mad ;
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper selves : you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe : My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted : But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe : for which foulde deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores ; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace : Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They have bereft ; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

*He vanisbes in Tbunder : then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and
carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpie*, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had devouring :
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say : so with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers

Their severall kindes have done : my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my powre ;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling.

Gon. I' th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare ?

Al. O, it is monstrous : monstrous :
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me : and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of Prosper : it did base my Trespass,
Therefore my Sonne i' th Ooze is bedded ; and
I' le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Exit.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate : their great guilt
(Like poyson given to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits : I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now provoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live : who, once againe
I tender to thy hand : All thy vexations

Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore heaven
 I ratifie this my rich guift : O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all pracie
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeve it

Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow ; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
 The union of your bed, with weedes so loathly
 That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
 Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I shall thinke, or *Phæbus* Steeds are founderd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke ;

Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne ;
 What *Ariell* ; my industrious servant *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*

Ar. What would my potent master ? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last service
 Did worthily performe : and I must use you
 In such another tricke : goe bring the rabble

(Ore whom I give thee powre) here, to this place :
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently ?

Pro. I : with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice ; and cry, so, so :
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you love me Master ? no ?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell* : doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well : I conceive.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true : doe not give dalliance
Too much the raigne : the strongest oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith' blood : be more abstinenous,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit ; appear, & pertly.

Soft musick.

No tongue : all eyes ; be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease ;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where live nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetched with Stover, them to keepe :
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie *Apriall*, at thy hest betrims ;
To make cold Nymphes chast crownes ; and thy broome-groves ;
Whose shadow the dismissed Bachelor loves,
Being lasse-lorne ; thy pole-clipt vineyard,

And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rockey-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
 Bids thee leave these, & with her soveraigne grace, *Juno* descends
 Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place
 To come, and sport : here Peacocks flye amaine :
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowres
 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my unshrubd downe,
 Rich scarph to my proud earth : why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene ?

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bles'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene ? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company,
 I have forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid : I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos* : and her Son
 Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charme, upon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted : but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
 Swears he will shoothe no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.

Ju. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their Issue.

They Sing.

Ju. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourly joyes, be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowering:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nymphs cal'd *Nayades* of the windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and ever-harmelesse looks,
Leave your criske channels, and on this greene-Land
Answer your summons. *Juno* do's command.

Come temperate *Nimpes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Love : be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimpes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day : your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nimpes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited :) they joyne with the Nimpes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heavily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot
Is almost come : Well done, avoid : no more.

Fer. This is strange : your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismaid : be cheerefull Sir,
Our Revels now are ended : These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a racke behinde : we are such stiffe
As dreames are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe : Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled :
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,

If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like unback't colts they prickt their eares,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, and thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I'th filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeves.

Ar. I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Devill, a borne-Devill, on whose nature
Nurture can never sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,

Even to roaring : Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter Caliban,
Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may not heare
a foot fall : we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster : If I should
Take a displeasure against you : Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance : therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that Monster,
but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting :
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell : no noise, and enter :
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere : O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster : wee know what belongs to a frippery,
O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand. Ile have that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you meane
To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stiffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jerkin you are like to lose your haire, & prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and levell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; heer's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe un-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and levell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of
Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and
Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins, that they grinde their joynts
With dry Convulsions, shorten up their sinewes

With aged Cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly : At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies :
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the ayre at freedome : for a little
Follow, and doe me service.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus : Scæna Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magick robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head :
My charmes cracke not : my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage : how's the day ?

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest : say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and 's followers ?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them ; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot budge till your release : The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distractèd,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay : but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit ?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of hils, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that rejoyce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Joves* stowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abjure: and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Musicke (which even now I do)
To worke mine end upon their Sences, that

This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
 And deeper then did ever Plummet sound

Ile drowne my booke.

Solemne musicke.

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke
 gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio
 in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco:
 They all enter the circle which Prospero had made,
 and there stand charm'd: which Prospero observing,
 speakes.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
 To an unsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 (Now uselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
 For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
 Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
 Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steales upon the night
 (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzallo*
 My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly
 Did thou *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
 Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud,
 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
 Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would heere have kill'd your King: I do forgive thee,
 Unnaturall though thou art: Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them

That yet lookes on me, or would know me : *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime *Millaine* : quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flye
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell* : I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedome : so, so, so.
To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Under the Hatches : the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pre' thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate.

Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero* :
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Whe're thou bee'st he or no
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have beene) I not know : thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood : and since I saw thee,

Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me : this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedom I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs : But how shold *Prospero*
Be living, and be heere ?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th'Isle, that will nor let you
Beleeve things certaine : Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne upon you
And justifie you Traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Divell speakes in him :

Pro. No :
For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them : and require
My Dukedom of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt upon this shore ? where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.
Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke

You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her soveraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Also, You the like loose?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable
To make the deere losse, have I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were muddled in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro, In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoev'r you have
Beene justled from your sences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedom since you have given me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull.
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about :
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there heere ?
How beauteous mankinde is ? O brave new world
That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play ?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres :
Is she the goddesse that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together.

Fer. Sir, she is mortall ;
But by immortall providence, she's mine ;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his advise : nor thought I had one : She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before : of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life ; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgesenesse ?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heaviness that's gon.

Gon. I have only wept,
Or should have spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzallo*.
Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedom
In a poore Isle: and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his owne.

Alo. Give me your hands:
Let grieve and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.
*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly
following.*

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of us:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear'st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alb. These are not naturall events, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld strive to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange, and severall noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Alb. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was ever conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly singel) I'le resolute you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Untye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in
their stolne Apparell.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himself ; for all is
But fortune : *Corago* Bully-Monster *Corario*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head, here's a
goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeede :
How fine my Master is ? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha :
What things are these, my Lord *Antonio* ?
Will money buy em ?

Ant. Very like : one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true : This mishapen knave ;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moone ; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power :
These three have robd me, and this demy-divell ;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life : two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowlede mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler ?

Seb. He is drunke now ;
Where had he wine ?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe : where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em ?
How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will never out of my bones :
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano* ?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should have bin a sore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,
And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest.
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,
Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare strangely.

Pro. I'le deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neare. *Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE, spoken by *Prospero*.

*NOW my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I have's mine owne.
Which is most faint. now 'tis true
I must be beere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good bands :
Gentle breath of yours, my Saines
Must fill, or else my project failes,
Whicb was to please : Now I want
Spirits to enforce : Art to enchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Unlesse I be reliev'd by praier
Whicb pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faultis.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.*

Exit.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island.

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples.

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, and Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a Jester.

Stephano, a drunken Builer.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Juno

Nymphes

Reapers

} *Spirits.*

FINIS.



THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act IV. Scene IV.



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Aetus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.


Ease to perswade, my loving *Protheus* ;
Home-keeping youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Love,

I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lov'st ; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou do'st meet good hap ; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-booke pray for my successe ?
Pro. Upon some booke I love, I'le pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe love,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont*.
Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper love.

For he was more then over-shooes in love.

Val. 'Tis true ; for you are over-bootes in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellespont*.

Pro. Over the Bootes ? nay give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not ; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What ?

Val. To be in love ; where scorne is bought with grones :
Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes : one fading moments mirth,
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights ;
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine ;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
How ever : but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavill at, I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you ;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say ; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwells ; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say ; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even so by Love, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, even in the prime.
And all the faire effects of future hopes,
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire ?

Once more adieu : my Father at the Road
Expecta my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Proteus*, no : Now let us take our leave :
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters

Of thy successe in love ; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend :
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

Val. As much to you at home : and so farewell.

Exit.

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Love ;

He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more ;
I love my selfe, my friends, and all for love :
Thou *Julia* thou hast metamorphis'd me :
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time ;
Warre with good counsaile, set the world at nought ;
Made Wit with musing, weake ; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus* : 'save you : saw you my Master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I
Sheepe ?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or
sleep.

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proves me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True : and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the
Shepheard ; but I seeke my Master, and my Master seekes not
me : therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shep-
heard for foode followes not the Sheepe : thou for wages followest
thy Master, thy Master for wages followes not thee : therefore
thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare : gav'st thou my Letter to *Julia* ?

Sp. I Sir : I (a lost-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gave mee (a lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be over-charged, you were best sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray : 'twere best pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serve me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake ; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she ?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You mistooke Sir : I say she did nod ;
And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Sp. Now you have taken the paines to set it together, take it
for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me ?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot over-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe ; what said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter may be
both at once delivered.

Pro. Well Sir : here is for your paines : what said she ?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why ? could'st thou perceive so much from her ?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ;

No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter :
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde ;
I feare she'll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.
Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing ?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains :
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me ;
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe ;
And so Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore :
I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthlesse post.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in love ?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Ju. What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamoure* ?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine ;
But were I you he never should be mine.

Ju. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio* ?

Lu. Well of his wealth ; but of himselfe, so, so.

Ju. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus* ?

Lu. Lord, Lord : to see what folly raignes in us.

Ju. How now ? what meanes this passion at his name ?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Ju. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Lu. I have no other but a womans reason:
I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking, shewes his love but small.

Lu. Fire that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They doe not love, that doe not shew their love.

Lu. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruse this paper Madam.

Jul. To *Julia*: say, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say: who gave it thee?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* page: sent I think from *Protheus*;
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else returne no more into my sight.

Lu. To plead for love, deserves more fee, then hate.

Jul. Will ye be gon?

Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view ;
Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
Which they would have the profferer construe, I.
Fie, fie : how way-ward is this foolish love ;
That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,
And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod ?
How churliably, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly, I would have had her here ?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile ?
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
And aske remission, for my folly past.
What hoe : *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiship (?)

Jul. Is't neere dinner time?

Ly. I would it were.

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
And not upon your Maid.

Ju. What is't that you

Tooke up so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Ju. Why didst thou stoope then?

Ly. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Ju. Nothing concerning me.

Jul Then let it lie, for those that it concerns.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Unless it have a false Interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

... That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune :

Give me a Note, your Ladiship can set

Jul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Light O' Love*.

Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Ju. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

Ju. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Ju. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:

And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

Ju. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

Ju. You (Minion) are too saucie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

Lu. The meane is dround with your unruly base.

Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Ju. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:

You would be fingring them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.

Ju. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such loving words;

Injurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,

And kill the Bees that yelde it, with your stings;

Ile kisse each severall paper, for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: unkinde *Julia*,

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,

Trampling contemptuoualy on thy disdaine.

And here is writ, *Love wounded Protheus*.

Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd ;
And thus I search it with a soveraigne kisse.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe :
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name : That, some whirl-winde beare
Unto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ :
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus :
To the sweet Julia : that ile teare away :
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names ;
Thus will I fold them, one upon another ;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam : dinner is ready, and your father staies.

Ju. Well, let us goe.

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-talcs here ?

Ju. If you respect them ; best to take them up.

Lu. Nay, I was taken up, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Ju. I see you have a months minde to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too, although you judge I winke.

Ju. Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeun.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Pantino, Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Pantino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster ?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why : what of him ?

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there ;
Some, to discover Islands farre away :
Some, to the studious Universities ;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Proteus*, your sonne, was meet ;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home ;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having knowne no travaile in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I have bin hamering.
I have consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world :
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time :
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him ?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royll Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him thither,
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments ;
Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile : well hast thou advis'd :
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne ;
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alfonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme

Are journeyng, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to command their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.

Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honors paune;
O that our Fathers would applaud our loves
To seale our happinesses with their consents.

Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-blov'd,
And daily graced by the *Emperor*;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;

Come on *Pantino*; you shall be employd,
To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father *Julias* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pan. Sir *Proteus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloves are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now Sirha?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you have learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to rellysh a Love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence: to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Urinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I meane.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not.

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-favour'd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,

But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beeene deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or
your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you
chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformitie: for
hee beeing in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you,
beeing in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in love, for last morning
You could not see to wipe my shooes.

Speed. True sir: I was in love with my bed, I thanke you, you
swing'd me for my love, which makes mee the bolder to chide
you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them.
Peace, here she comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion ; oh exceeding Puppet :
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n : heer's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest : & she gives it him.

Val. As you injoynd me ; I have writ your Letter
Unto the secret, nameles friend of yours :
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clerkly-done.

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off :
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains ?

Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much :
And yet —

Sil. A pretty period : well : I gheesse the sequell ;
And yet I will not name it : and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe : and yet I thanke you :
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will : and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanes your Ladiship ?
Doe you not like it ?

Sil. Yes, yes : the lines are very queintly writ,
But (since unwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I : you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them : they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly :

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ : for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so : if not : why so :

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Servant.

Exit. Sil.

Speed. Oh Jest unseene: inscrutible: invisible,

As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:

My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,

He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.

Oh excellent devise, was there ever heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe should write the letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was ryming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, beleeve me.

Speed. No beleeving you indeed sir:

But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath given you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,

Or fearing els some messenger, that might her mind discover

Her self hath taught her Love himself, to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir : though the Cameleon Love can
feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals : and
would faine have meate : oh bee not like your Mistreasse, be
moved, be moved.

Exeunt.

Scæna secunda.

Enter Proteus, Julia, Pantbion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia* :

Jul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Jul. If you turne not : you will return the sooner :

Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange ;

Here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargaine with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie :

And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (*Julia*) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loves forgetfulness :

My father staies my comming : answer not :

The tide is now ; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

Julia, farewell : what, gon without a word ?

I, so true love should doe : it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to gracie it.

Pantb. Sir *Proteus* : you are staid for.

Pro. Goe : I come, I come :

Alas, this parting strikes poore Lovers dumbe.

Exeunt.

*Scena Tertia.**Enter Launce, Pantin.*

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sworest natured dogge that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Jew would have wept to have scene our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I: so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a woulde-woman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath up and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

Pantin. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide, that ever any man tide.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'l loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy service, and in loosing thy service: —— why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I loose my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Pant. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the tide: why man, if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could drive the boate with my sigheas.

Pant. Come: come away man, I was sent to call thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Proteus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistris.

Spee. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for love.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so,

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Tbu. So doe Counterfeyt.

Val. So doe you.

Tbu. What seeme I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Tbu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Tbu. And how quoat you my folly?

Val. I quoat it in your Jerkin.

Tbu. My Jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Tbu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Tburio*, do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Tbu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then live in your ayre.

Val. You have said Sir.

Tbu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, & quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire,
Sir *Tburio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,
And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Tbu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well sir: you have an Exchequer of words,
And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers:

For it appears by their bare Liveries

That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserves
The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie
We have converst, and spent our howres together,
And though my selfe have beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made use, and faire advantage of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old.
His head un-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)
He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse love,
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no un-welcome newes to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it.

I will send him hither to you presently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookea.

Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty paire of eyes.

Tbur. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such Lovers, *Tburio*, as your selfe,
Upon a homely object, Love can winke.

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to heare from.

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a servant
To have a looke of such a worthy Mistresse.

Val. Leave off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse.

Tbur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: Come Sir *Tburio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Servant welcome;
Ile leave you to confer of home affaires,

When you have done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend upon your Ladiship.

Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

Pro. Your frends are wel, & have them much commended.

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of Love were wont to weary you,

I know you joy not in a Love-discourse.

Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,

I have done pannance for contemning Love,

Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,

With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,

For in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleepe from my enthrall'd eyes,

And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow

O gentle *Protheus*, Love's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth:

Now, no discourse, except it be of love:

Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,

Upon the very naked name of Love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:

Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Val. Even She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not divine,

Yet let her be a principalitie,

Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

Val. Pardon me (*Proteus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in having such a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate upon my love:
My foolish Rivall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Love (thou know'st) is full of jealousie.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage howre,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Proteus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counseile.

Pro. Goe on before : I shall enquire you forth :
I must unto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must use,
And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Exit.

Pro. I will.

Even as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength drives out another.
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise ?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression ?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus ?
Shee is faire ; and so is *Julia* that I love,
(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont :
O, but I love his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her ?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reasons light :
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring love, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile use my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forswear not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not wel-

come. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undon till hee be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap : Ile to the Ale-house with you presently ; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes : But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam *Julia* ?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in jest.

Spee. But shall she marry him ?

Lau. No.

Spee. How then ? shall he marry her ?

Lau. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken ?

Lau. No ; they are both as whole as a fish.

Spee. Why then, how stands the matter with them ?

Lau. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Spee. What an asse art thou, I understand thee not.

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not ? My staffe understands me ?

Spee. What thou saist ?

Lau. I, and what I do too : looke thee, Ile but leane, and my staffe understands me.

Spee. It stands under thee indeed.

Lau. Why, stand-under : and under-stand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match ?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will : if hee say no, it will : if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it will.

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so : but *Launce*, how saist thou that that my master is become a notable Lover ?

Lau. I never knew him otherwise.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'et me.

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Lover.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Love. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Spee. Why?

Lau. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy service.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?
To love faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjurie.
Love bad mee sweare, and Love bids me for-sweare;
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subject) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
Un-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soveraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes,
I cannot leave to love; and yet I doe:
But there I leave to love, where I should love.

Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
 If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe :
 If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse ;
 For *Valentine*, my selfe : for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
 I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
 For Love is still most precious in it selfe,
 And *Silvia* (witnessse heaven that made her faire)
 Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiope.
 I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembreng that my Love to her is dead.
 And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
 Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to my selfe,
 Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*.
 This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
 To climbe celestiall *Silvia*'s chamber window,
 My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
 Now presently Ile give her father notice
 Of their disguising and pretended flight :
 Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine* :
 For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
 But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse
 By some alie tricke, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
 As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scena septima.

Enter *Julia* and *Lucetta*.

Jul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,
 And ev'n in kinde love, I doe conjure thee,
 Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly Character'd, and engrav'd,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
 How with my honour I may undertake

A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loves wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.

Jul. O, know'st you not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Love with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Lest it should burne above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th'en. umeld stones,
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course.
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Love,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:

Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may beseeme some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Jul. No girl, Ile knit it up in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches ?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale ?
Why ev'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta.*)

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-peece (Madam)

Jul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfavourd.

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Unlesse you have a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?
I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy, but go :
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare :
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men,
But truer starres did governe *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth :
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey :
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :
Come ; answere not : but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Proteus*, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discover,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (undeserving as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to utter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me :
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter :
My selfe am one made privy to the plot,
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose

To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
 Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
 A pack of sorowes, which would presse you downe
 (Being unprevented) to your timeless grave.

Duke. *Prothess,* I thank thee for thine honest care,
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs my selfe have often seene
 Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleepe,
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbide
 Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
 But fearing lest my jealous ayme might erre,
 And so (unworthily) disgrace the man
 (A rashnesse that I ever yet have shun'd)
 I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
 That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou maist perceive my feare of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper Towre,
 The key whereof, my selfe have ever kept :
 And thence she cannot be convay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a meane
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe :
 For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently.
 Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
 But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
 That my discovery be not aimed at :
 For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away so fast ?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger

That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk. No, trust me, She is peevish, sullen, foward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawne my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence,
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words, doe move a womans minde.

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another: never give her ore,

For scorne at first, makes after-love the more.

If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.

If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, what ever she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.

Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they have Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath accesse by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast up, with a paire of anchoring hookees,
Would serve to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Advise me, where I may have such a Ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray sir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Love is like a childe
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seaven a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Under a cloake that is of any length.

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serve the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serve the turne (my Lord),

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake upon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying.
Ob, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge where (senseles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my servants fortune.

I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be.
What's here? *Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*
Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Goe base Intruder, over-weening Slave,

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royll Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment ?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe : banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment :
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene ?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by ?
Unlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Unlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke upon.
Shee is my essence, and I leave to be ;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fie not death, to fie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But fie I hence, I fie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

Lau. So-hough, Soa hough ——

Pro. What seest thou ?

Laun. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine*.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldest thou strike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbeare.

Lau. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath posset them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, un-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfeit,
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which un-reverst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them upon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor silver-shedding teares
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire ;
 But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
 Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
 When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
 That to close prison he commanded her,
 With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more : unles the next word that thou speake'st
 Have some malignant power upon my life :
 If so : I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
 As ending Antheme of my endleasse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
 And study helpe for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good ;
 Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love :
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life :
 Hope is a lover's staffe, walke hence with that
 And manage it, against despairing thoughts :
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate,
 Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate,
 And ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concerne thy Love-affaires :
 As thou lov'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out : Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia* ; haplesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I have the wit to
 thinkne my Master is a kinde of a knave : but that's all one, if he

be but one knave : He lives not now that knowes me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me : nor who 'tis I love : and yet 'tis a woman ; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe : and yet 'tis a Milke-maid : yet 'tis not a maid : for shee hath had Gossips : yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters-maid, and serves for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian : Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Imprimis.* Shee can fetch and carry : why a horse can doe no more ; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Jade. *Item.* She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce* ? what newes with your Mastership ?

La. With my Mastership ? why, it is at Sea :

Sp. Well, your old vice still : mistake the word : what newes then in your paper ?

La. The blackest newes that ever thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man ? how blacke ?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them ?

La. Fie on thee Jolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest : I can.

La. I will try thee : tell me this : who begot thee ?

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer ; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother : this proves that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come foole, come : try me in thy paper.

La. There : and S. *Nicholas* be thy speed.

Sp. Imprimis she can milke.

La. I that she can.

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the proverbe : (*Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, she can sowe.

La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)

Sp. Item she can knit.

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scour.

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be wash'd, and
scowr'd.

Sp. Item, she can spin.

La. Then may I set the world on wheelas, when she can spin
for her living.

Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.

La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that indeede
know not their fathers; and therefore have no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, she is slow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue.

I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, she is proud.

La. Out with that too:

It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: because I love crusta.

Sp. Item, she is curst.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will;
for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue she cannot ; for that's writ downe she is slow of : of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile keepe shut : Now, of another thing shee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there : Ile have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article : rehearse that once more.

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit : it may be ile prove it : The cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt ; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit ; for the greater hides the lesse : What's next ?

Sp. And more faults then haire.

La. That's monstrous : oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious : Well, ile have her : and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible.

Sp. What then ?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staines for thee at the *North gate*.

Sp. For me ?

La. For thee ? I, who art thou ? he hath staid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him ?

La. Thou must run to him ; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turne.

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner ? 'pox of your love Letters.

La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter ; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himselfe into secrets : Ile after, to rejoice in the boyes correction.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus.

Du. Sir Thurio, feare not, but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Tb. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most.
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impresse of Love, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolves to water, and doth loose his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse Valentine shall be forgot.
How now sir Proteus, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleeve: but Thurio thinkes not so:
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I prove loyall to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene sir Thurio, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.

Du. I, and perversly, she perverers so:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:

Three things, that women highly hold in hate,

Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe :
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him ;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him :
But say this weede her love from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will love sir *Thurio*.

Tb. Therefore, as you unwinde her love from him ;
Least it should ravell, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottome it on me :
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Proteus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firme votary,
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accesse,
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you ;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect :
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough :

You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vowed.

Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart :
Write till your inke be dry : and with your teares
Moist it againe : and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones ;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unsounded deepes, to dance on Sande,
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Consort ; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe : the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance :
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shewes thou hast bin in love.

Th. And thy advice, this night, ile put in practice.
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.
I have a Bonnet, that will serve the turne
To give the on-set to thy good advise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you.

Exeunt.

Aetus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast : I see a passenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.
3. *Out.* Stand sir, and throw us that you have about ye.

If not : we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are undone ; these are the Villaines
That all the Travailers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.

1. *Out.* That's not so, sir : we are your enemies.
2. *Out.* Peace : we'll heare him.
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we : for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to loose ;
A man I am, cross'd with adversitie :
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whether travell you ?

Val. To Verona.

1. *Out.* Whence came you ?

Val. From Millaine.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ?

Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse ;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so ;
But were you baniath for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. *Out.* Have you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull travaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beeene miserable.

3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

Sp. Master, be one of them:
It's an honourable kind of theever.

Val. Peace villaine.

2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide unto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse lives;
And partly seeing you are beautifide
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.

2. *Out.* Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And live as we doe in this wildernesse?

3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say I, and be the captaine of us all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.
2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live, to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poore passengers.
3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
Come, goe with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we have got ;
Which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Host, Musitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*,
Under the colour of commanding him,
I have accesse my owne love to prefer.
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts ;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I have bin forsworne
In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd ;
And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a lovers hope :
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my love,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still ;
But here comes *Thurio* ; now must we to her window,
And give some evening Musique to her eare.

Th. How now, sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us ?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
Will creepe in service, where it cannot goe.

Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe : or else I would be hence.

Tb. Who, *Silvia*?

Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Tb. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and too it lustily a while.

Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it?

Ju. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: ile bring you where you
shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

Ju. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

Ju. That will be Musique.

Ho. Harke, harke.

Ju. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is *Silvia*? what is she?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,

The heaven such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty loves with kindnesse:

Love doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to *Silvia*, let us sing,

That *Silvia* is excelling;

She excels each mortall thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling.

To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

Ju. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Ju. He plaies false (father.)

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.

Ju. Not so : but yet

So false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Ho. You have a quicke eare.

Ju. I, I would I were deafe : it makes me have a slow heart.

Ho. I perceive you delight not in Musique.

Ju. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

Ju. I : that change is the spight.

Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.

Ju. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.

But Host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often resort unto this Gentlewoman ?

Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me ;
He lov'd her out of all nicke.

Ju. Where is *Launce* ?

Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters
command, hee must carry for a present to his Lady.

Ju. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Tb. Where meete we ?

Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.

Tb. Farewell.

Pro. Madam : good ev'n to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake ?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.

Sil. What's your will ?

Pro. That I may compasse yours.

Sil. You have your wish : my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed :

Thou subtile, perjur'd, false, disloyall man :
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiv'd so many with thy vowed ?
Returne, returne and make thy love amends :
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite,
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But she is dead.

Ju. 'Twere false, if I should speake it ;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be : yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives ; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd ; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy ?

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I ; for in her grave
Assure thy selfe, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam : if your heart be so obdurate :
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber :
To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe :
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance you would sure deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir ;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it :
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.

Jul. Host. will you goe ?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus* ?
Ho. Marry, at my house :
Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so : but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde :
Ther's some great matter she'l employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who cal's ?
Eg. Your servant, and your friend ;
One that attends your Ladiships command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe :
According to your Ladiships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman :
Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare unto the banish'd *Valentine* :
Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
 Thy selfe hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
 No griefe did ever come so neere thy heart,
 As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide,
 Upon whose Grave thou vow'dst pure chastitie :
Sir Eglamoure : I would to *Valentine*
 To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad ;
 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
 I doe desire thy worthy company,
 Upon whose faith and honor, I repose.
 Urge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
 But thinke upon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keepe me from a most unholie match,
 Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
 I doe desire thee, even from a heart
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
 To beare me company, and goe with me :
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
 Which, since I know they vertuoualy are plac'd,
 I give consent to goe along with you,
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,
 As much, I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you goe ?

Sil. This evening comming.

Eg. Where shall I meete you ?

Sil. At *Frier Patricke's* Cell,
 Where I intend holy Confession.

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship :
 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Proteus, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans servant shall play the Curre with him (ooke you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy: one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistris *Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes upon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I live he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him up (saies the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Servant? nay, ile be sworne I have sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I have stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you serv'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heave up my leg, and make water

against a Gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me doe such a tricke?

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Ju. In what you please, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whor-son pezant,

Where have you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what saies she to my little Jewell?

La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you curish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

La. No indeede did she not:

Here have I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my sight.

Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;

A Slave, that still an end, turnes me to shame:

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt,
But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceive me not)
Witnessse good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*;

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me

Jul. It seemes you lov'd not her, not leave her token :
She is dead belike ?

Pro. Not so : I thinke she lives.

Jul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas ?

Jul. I cannot choose but pitty her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pitty her ?

Jul. Because, methinkes that she lov'd you as well
As you doe love your Lady *Silvia* :
She dreames on him, that has forgot her love,
You doate on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pitty Love, should be so contrary :
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well : give her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter : that's her chamber : Tell my Lady,
I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture :
Your message done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.

Jul. How many women would doe such a message ?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs ;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart despiseth me ?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me,
Because I love him, I must pitty him.
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will :
And now am I (unhappy Messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine ;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd ;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my Masters true confirmed Love,
But cannot be true servant to my Master,
Unlesse I prove false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,

As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him speed.
Gentlewoman, good day : I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ahe ?

Jul. If you be ahe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my Master, Sir *Proteus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh : he sends you for a Picture ?

Jul. I, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, give your Master this : tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter ;
Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;
This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Jul. It may not be : good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold :

I will not looke upon your Masters lines :
I know they are stuft with protestations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As easily as I doe teare his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me ;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him, at his departure :
Though his false finger have prophan'd the Ring,
Mine shall not doe his *Julia* so much wrong.

Jul. She thankes you.

Sil. What sai'st thou ?

Jul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her :
Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'st thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.

To thinke upon her woes, I doe protest
That I have wept a hundred severall times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?

Jul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing faire?

Jul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,
When she did thinke my Master lov'd her well;
She, in my judgement, was as faire as you.
But since she did negle&t her looking-glass,
And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
The ayre hath starv'd the roses in her cheekees,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julias* gowne,
Which served me as fit, by all mens judgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Thesus* perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moved therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lov'st her. Farewell.

Jul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know her.

A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.

I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my Mistris love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with it selfe :

Here is her Picture : let me see, I thinke

If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine

Were full as lovely, as is this of hers :

And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,

Unlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.

Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*,

If that be all the difference in his love,

Ile get me such a colour'd Perrywig :

Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine :

I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high :

What should it be that he respects in her,

But I can make respective in my selfe ?

If this fond Love, were not a blinded god.

Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rivall : O thou sencelesse forme,

Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;

And were there sence in his Idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.

Ile use thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake

That us'd me so : or else by *Jove*, I vow,

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,

To make my Master out of love with thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamour, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,

And now it is about the very hour

That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,

She will not faile ; for Lovers breake not houres,
Unlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes : Lady a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, Amen : goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall ;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not : the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, Julia, Duke.

Tb. Sir *Proteus*, what saies *Silvia* too my suit ?
Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What ? that my leg is too long ?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurd to what it loathes.
Thu. What saies she to my face ?
Pro. She saies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes : my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire ; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.
Jul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What sayes she to my valour ?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What saies she to my birth ?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Thb. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Thb. Wherfore?

Jul. That such an Asse should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now Sir *Proteus*; how now *Thurio*?

Which of you saw *Eglamoure* of late?

Thb. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled unto that pezant, *Valentine*,

And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both

As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:

Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patricks* Cell this even, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meeet with me

Upon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads towards *Mantua*, whether they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Thb. Why this it is, to be a peevish Girle,

That flies her fortune when it followes her:

Ile after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamoure*,

Then for the love of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvias* love

Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to chuse that love
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient :
We must bring you to our Captaine.

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her ?

3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.
But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him :
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine : We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains cave
Feare not : he beares an honourable minde,
And will not use a woman lawlealy.

Sil. O *Valentine* : this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio,
Out-lawes.*

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man ?
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes :
Here can I sit alone, un-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fal

And leave no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia* :
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day ?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace ;
They love me well : yet I have much to doe
To keepe them from uncivill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine* : who's this comes heere ?

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke :
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot give.)

Val. How like a dreame is this ? I see, and heare :
Love, lend me patience to forbeare a while.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am.

Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came :
But by my comming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approcheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I beeene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would have beeene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then have false *Protheus* reskue me :
Oh heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perjur'd *Protheus* :
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not undergoe, for one calme looke :
Oh tis the curse in Love, and still approv'd
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd :
Read over *Julia's* heart, (thy first best Love)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes ; and all those oathes,
Descended into perjury, to love me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none : better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one :
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Love,
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme :
Ile woe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of Love : force ye.

Sil. O heaven.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

Val. Ruffian : let goe that rude uncivill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine.
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now : treacherous man,
Thou hast beguyl'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me : now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldest disprove me :
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the bosome ? *Protheus*
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake :
The private wound is deepest : oh time, most accurst :
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst ?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me :
Forgive me *Valentine* : if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,

I tender't heere : I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid :
And once againe, I doe receive thee honest ;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd :
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd :
And that my love may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy.

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy ?

Why wag : how now ? what's the matter ? look up : speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to
Madam *Silvia* : which (out of my neglect) was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring ? boy ?

Jul. Heere 'tis : this is it.

Pro. How ? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. O, cry you mercy sir, I have mistooke :
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring ? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her selfe did give it me,
And *Julia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ? *Julia* ?

Jul. Behold her, that gave ay me to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roote ?
Oh *Proteus*, let this habit make thee blush.
Be thou ashamed that I have tooke upon me
Such an immodest rayment ; if shame live
In a disguise of love ?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heven, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;
Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pitty two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbear, forbear I say. It is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thb. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. Thurio give backe; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath upon my Love.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loves him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse love:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy un-rival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe : Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, the gift hath made me happy :
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities :
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile :
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast prevaild, I pardon them and thee :
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let us goe, we will include all jarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned :
Come *Proteus*, 'tis your pittance, but to heare
The story of your Loves discovered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse.

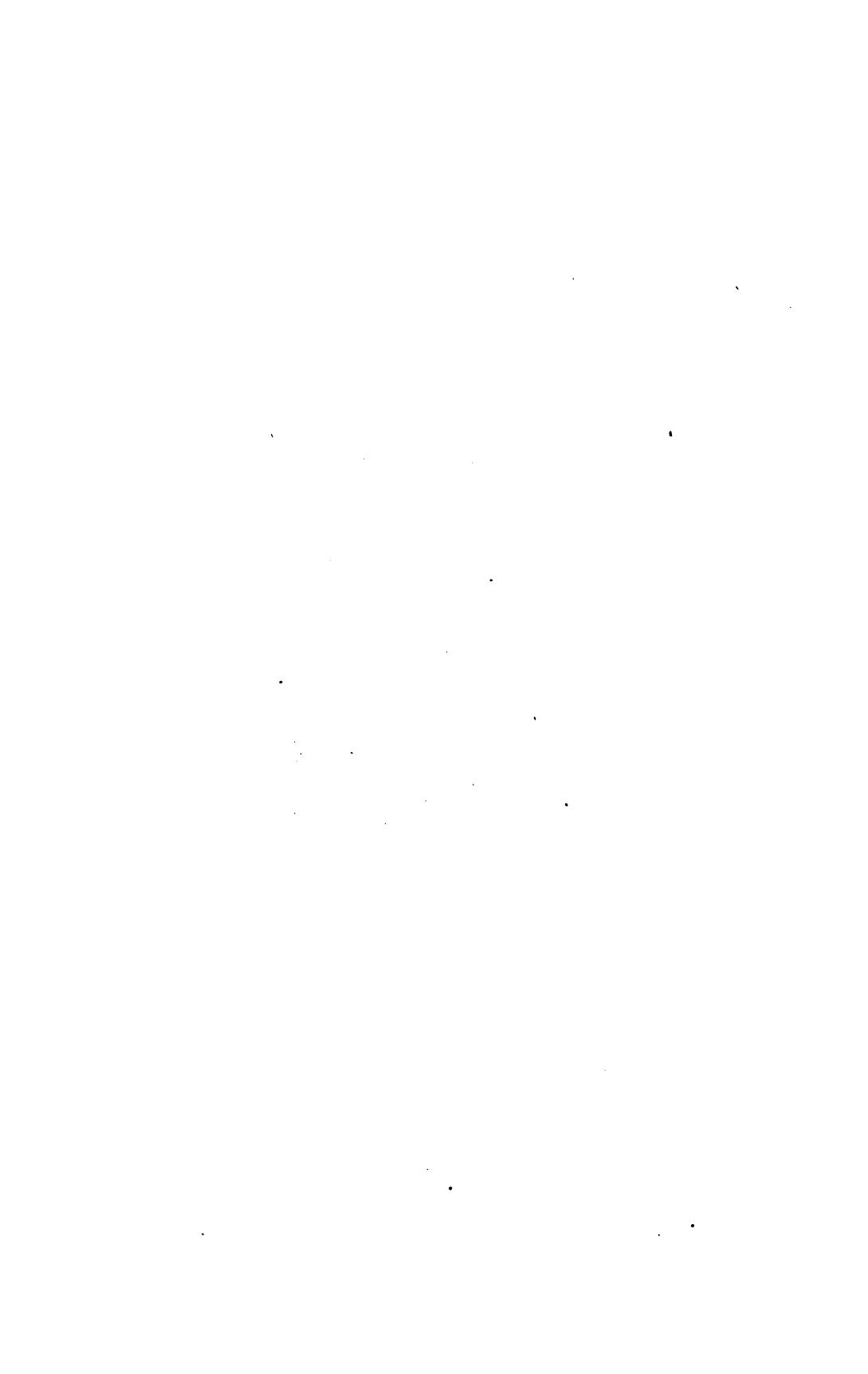
Excunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke : Father to *Silvia*.
Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.
Protheus. }
Antonio : father to *Protheus*.
Thurio : a foolish rivot to *Valentine*.
Eglamour : Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.
Host : where *Julia* lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed : a clownish servant to *Valentine*.
Launce : the like to *Protheus*.
Pantion : servant to *Antonio*.
Julia : beloved of *Protheus*.
Silvia : beloved of *Valentine*.
Lucetta : waighting woman to *Julia*.

FINIS.







THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act III. Sc. III.



THE Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *John Falstaff*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

Slender. In the County of *Glocester*, Justice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slender. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master *Parson*) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Evans. The dozen white Lowses doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luse is the fresh fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeede, if he quarter it.

Sbal. Not a whit.

Evan. Yes per-lady : if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures ; but that is all one : if Sir *John Falstaffe* have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises betweene you.

Sbal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Evan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot : there is no feare of Got in a Riot : The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot : take your viza-ments in that.

Sbal. Ha ; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it : and there is also another device in my praine, which peradventure brings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistris *Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-sire upon his deaths-bed, (Got deliver to a joyfull resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abrabam*, and Mistris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leave her seaven hundred pound ?

Evan. I, and her father is make her a better penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Evan. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Sbal. Wel, let us see honest Mr *Page* : is *Falstaffe* there ?

Evan. Shall I tell you a lye ? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true : the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your

well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. *Page*. What hoa?
Got-plesse your house heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Evan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill killd: how doth good Mistresse *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cotsall*.

M. Pa. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office be tweene you.

Evan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page*.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (M. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeve me, *Robert Shallow Esquire*, saith he is wronged.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Sbal. Tut, a pin : this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answere it strait, I have done all this :
That is now answer'd.

Sbal. The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell : you'll
be laugh'd at.

Ev. *Pauca verba* ; (Sir John) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge ; *Slender*, I broke your head :
what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and
against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheese.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say ; *pauca, pauca* : Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Cosen?

Eva. Peace, I pray you : now let us understand : there is three
Umpires in this matter, as I understand ; that is, Master *Page*
(fidelicet Master *Page*) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)
and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Garter

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Evan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prieve of it in my note-booke,
and we wil afterwards orke upon the cause, with as great dis-
creetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistoll*.

Pist. He heares with earea.

Evan. The Tevill and his Tam : what phrase is this? he
heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistoll*, did you picke M. *Slender's* purse?

Slen. I, by these gloves did hee, or I would I might never
come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seaven groates in
mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that cost me two
shilling and two pence a peecie of *Tead Miller*: by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll*?

Evan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his five sentences.

Ev. It is his five sences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you speake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilst I live againe, but in honest, civill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that have the feare of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heaven: This is Mistresse *Anne Page*.

Mr. Page. How now Mistris *Ford*?

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leave good Mistris.

Mr. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all unkindnesse.

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where have you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Sbal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you understand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Sbal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Ev. Give eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Ev. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Sbal. I, there's the point Sir.

Ev. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mistress *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Ev. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore precisely, can you carry your good wil to the maid?

Sb. Cosen *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Ev. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Sbal. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your request (Cosen) in any reason.

Sbal. Nay conceive me, conceive mee (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you love the maid?

Sl. I will marry her (Sir) at your request ; but if there bee no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and have more occasion to know one another : I hope upon familiarity will grow more content : but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Ev. It is a fery discretion-answere ; save the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely : the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely : his meaning is good.

Sh. I : I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne* ; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne*.)

Ev. Od's blessed-wil : I wil not be absence at the grace.

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir ?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hارتely ; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth : goe Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cosen *Shallow* : a Justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man ; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead : but what though, yet I live like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worship : they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, ile eate nothing : I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so ? be there Beares ith' Towne ?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loye the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as

any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I have seene *Sackerson* loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have so cride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe first: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be unmannerly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la.

Excunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans, and Simple.

Ev. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Ev. Nay, it is better yet: give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to solicite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheese to come.

Excunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truely mine Host; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar, Keiser, and Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall tap; said I well (bully *Heitor*?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)

Ho. I have spoke: let him follow: let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Servingman, a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt thou the spigot wield?

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this *Tinderbox*: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Convay: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong Ravens must have foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lada, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistoll*: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make love to *Ford*'s wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee carves: she gives the leere of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiere stile, & the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir John Falstaffs.*

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pist. As many divels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who even now gave mee good eyes too; examind my parts with most judicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, gilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me up like a burning-glassse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies; and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the havior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, bear you these Letters tightly,
Sail like my Pinasse to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avast, vanish like hale-stones ; goe,
Trudge ; plod away ith' hoofe : seeke shelter, packe :
Falstaff will leare the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my scife, and skirted *Page*.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts : for gourd, and Fullam
holds : & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Tester ile have in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Base Phrygian Turke.

Ni. I have opperations,
Which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilk thou revenge ?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Pist. With wit, or Steele ?

Ni. With both the humors, I :
I will discuse the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold
How *Falstaff* (varlet vile)
His Dove will prove : his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole : I will incense *Ford* to deale
with poysen : I will possest him with yallownesse, for the revol
of mine is dangerous : that is my true humor.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malcontent* : I second thee :
troope on.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qn. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Casement, and
see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* comming ; if
he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the house ; here will be an
old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.



Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breed-e-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; hee is something peevious that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender's* your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Gloves pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yea indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heaven send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (*and downe, downe, adowne'a. &c.*)

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like dea-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset, unboyteene verd: a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you: I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would have bin horne-mad.

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for chando, Je man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:

Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jacke Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay je oublie*: dere is some Simplex in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Closset?

Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherfore shall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson *Hugb*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indecede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugb* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moved,

you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholly : but notwithstanding man, Ile doe you your Master what good I can : and the very yea, & the no is, the French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house ; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-vis'd o'that ? you shall finde it a great charge : and to be up early, and down late : but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold have no words of it) my Master him-selfe is in love with Mistris *Anne Page* : but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Jack 'Nape : give-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a shallenge : I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scury Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make :——you may be gon : it is not good you tarry here : by gar I will cut all his two stones : by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas : he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat : do not you tell-a-me dat I shall have *Anne Page* for my selfe ? by gar, I vill kill de Jack-Priest : and I have appointed mine Host of de Jartere to measure our weapon : by gar, I wil my selfe have *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall bee well : We must give folkes leave to prate : what the good-jer.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me : by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore : follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You shall have *An-fooles* head of your owne : No, I know *Ans* mind for that : never a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heaven.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa ?

Qui. Who's there, I troa ? Come neere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou ?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske ?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loves you: have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but (I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is given too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you—well—goe too—

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee have thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: truely an honest Gentleman: but *Anne* loves him not: for I know *Anns* minde as well as another do's: out upon't: what have I forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mistris Page. What, have I scap'd Love-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see?

Aske me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his precision, bee admits him not for his Counsailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpalrie: you are merry,

so am I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathie: you love sacke, and so do I: would you desire better sympathie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Love of Souldier can suffice, that I love thee: I will not say pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase: but I say, love me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night;
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. *John Falstaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Jurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an unwaied Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pict (with The Devills name) out of my conversation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heaven forgive mee :) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mis. Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mis. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Mis. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeve that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mis. Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mis. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistris Page, give mee some counsaile.

Mis. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mis. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mis. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

Mis. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Mis. Page. What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights

will hacke, and so thou shouldest not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mis. Ford. Wee burne day-light : heere, read, read : perceive how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking : and yet hee would not sweare : praise womens modesty : and gave such orderly and wel-behaved reproofe to al uncomelinesse, that I would have sworne his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words : but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Green-sleeves : What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor ? How shall I bee revenged on him ? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne greace : Did you ever heare the like ?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter ; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs : to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter : but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall : I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure more) : and these are of the second edition : hee will print them out of doubt : for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put us two : I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye under Mount *Pelion* : Well ; I will find you twentie lascivious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same : the very hand : the very words : what doth he thinke of us ?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not : it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty : Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall : for sure unlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would never have boorded me in this furie.

Mis. Ford. Boording, call you it ? Ile bee sure to keepe him above decke.

Mis. Page. So will I : if hee come under my hatches, Ile

never to Sea againe : Let's bee reveng'd on him : let's appoint him a meeting : give him a shew of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty : oh that my husband saw this Letter : it would give eternall food to his jealousie.

Mis. Page. Why look where he comes ; and my good man too : hee's as farre from jealousie, as I am from giving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight : Come hither.

Ford. Well : I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires : Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver, burning hot : prevent : Or goe thou like Sir *AItem* he, with Ring-wood at thy heeles : O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir ?

Pist. The horne I say : Farewell : Take heed, have open eye, for theeves doe foot by night. Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away sir Corporall *Nim* :

Beleeve it (*Page*) he speakes sence.

Ford. I will be patient : I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true : I like not the humor of lying : hee hath wronged mee in some humors : I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her; but I have a sword : and it shall bite

upon my necessitie : he loves your wife ; There's the short and the long : My name is Corporall *Nim* : I speak, and I avouch ; 'tis true : my name is *Nim* : and *Falstaffe* loves your wife : adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheese : adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaffe*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it : well.

Page. I will not beleeve such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow : well.

Page. How now *Meg* ?

Mist. Page. Whether goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Mis. Ford. How now (sweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy ?

Ford. I melancholy ? I am not melancholy :

Get you home : goe.

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,

Now : will you goe *Mistris Page* ?

Mis. Page. Have with you : you'll come to dinner *George* ? Looke who comes yonder : shee shall bee our Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

Mis. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her : shee'll fit it.

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne* ?

Qui. I forsooth : and I pray how do's good Mistresse *Anne* ?

Mis. Page. Go in with us and see : we have an houres taise with you.

Page. How now Master *Ford* ?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not ?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me ?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them ?

Pag. Hang 'em slaves : I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it : But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoake of his discarded men ; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men ?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter ?

Page. I marry do's he : if hee should intend this voyage
toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him ; and what hee
gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife : but I would bee loath to
turne them together : a man may be too confident : I would have
nothing lye on my head : I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes :
there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee
lookes so merrily : How now mine Host ?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke : thou'rt a Gentleman Caveleiro
Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow. Good-even, and
twenty (good Master *Page.*) Master *Page*, wil you go with us ?
we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Caveleiro-Justice : tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the
Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter : a word with you.

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke ?

Shal. Will you goe with us to behold it ? My merry Host
hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and (I thinke) hath
appointed them contrary places : for (beleeve mee) I heare the
Parson is no Jester : harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight ? my guest-
Cavaleire ?

Shal. None, I protest : but Ile give you a pottle of burn'd
sack, to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is
Broome : onely for a jest.

Host. My hand, (Bully :) thou shalt have egress and regresse
(said I well ?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry
Knight : will you goe An-heires ?

Shal. Have with you mine Host.

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut sir: I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I have scene the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wives frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I have beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Babooones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistresse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger

my soule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you : goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-batch* : goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand upon your honor : why, (thou unconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor precise : I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leaving the feare of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle : to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs ; your *Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes*, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, under the shelter of your honor : you will not doe it ? you ?

Pist. I doe relent : what would thou more of man ?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be sworne,

As my mother was the first hour I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeve the swearer ; what with me ?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two ?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Mistresse *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies : I my selfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on ; Mistresse *Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship saies very true : I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares : mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so ? heaven-blesse them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well ; Mistresse *Ford*, what of her ?

Qui. Why, Sir ; shee's a good-creature ; Lord, Lord, your

Worship's a wanton : well : heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray—.

Fal. Mistresse *Ford*: come, Mistresse *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could never have brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has beeene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would have wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels given me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sippe on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has beeene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, she hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which she thankes you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betwenee ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of: Master *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very jealousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistresse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to

Qui. And let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as faire as a
good wifes wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you
warting any evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the
wiser: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is
absent from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I
never knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I thinke you
have charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good
parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages*
wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Qui. That were a jest indeed: they have not so little grace I
hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris *Page* would desire
you to send her your little *Page* of al loves: her husband has a
marvellous infection to the little *Page*: and truely Master *Page* is
an honest man: never a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then
she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all,
goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and
truly she deserves it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*,
she is one: you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but doe so then: and looke you, hee may come and
goe betweene you both: and in any case have a nay-word, that
you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy never neede to
understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know
any wickednes: olde folkes you know, have discretion, as they
say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my
purse, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, goe along with this woman,
this newes distractes me.

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more sailes, pursue: up with your fightes:
Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Jacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more

of thy olde body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done: no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse *Ford* and Mistresse *Page*, have I encompass'd you? goe to, *via*.

Ford. 'Blesse you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave *Drawer*.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will give mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had

sever so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you heare them unfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reprove the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long low'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingross'd opportunities to meeet her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what shee would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued mee, which hath beeene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meanea, meede I am sure I have received none, unlesse Experience be a Jewell, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

“Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love purses,

“Pursuing that that flies, and flying what purses.”

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places

shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeve it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, onely give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattaile against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, give mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweenne, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-favourd: I will use her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I wil stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou (Master *Broome*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improvident jealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abhominal termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amadimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Divels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Divell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an *Asse*, a secure *Asse*; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welsh-man* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aquavitz-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then shee plots, then shee ruminates, then shee devises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven bee prais'd for my jealousie: eleven o' clocke the howre,

I will prevent this, detect my wife, bee reveng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.

Caius. *Jacke Rugby.*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Jack*?

Rug. "Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has save his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Jack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Jacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear: heer's company.

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my *Esculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

Hort. Thou art a Castalian king-Urinall : *Heitor* of *Greece* (my Boy.)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me have stay, sixe or seven, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M. Doctor) he is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies : if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions : is it not true, Master *Page* ?

Page. Master *Shallow* ; you have your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace ; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one : though wee are Justices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (M. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It wil be found so, (M. *Page* :) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home : I am sworn of the peace : you have show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugb* hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Church-man : you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hort. Pardon, Guest-Justice ; a Mounseur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater ? vat is dat ?

Hort. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de English-man : scurvy-Jack-dog-Priest : by gar, mee vill cut his *cares*.

Hort. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw ? vat is dat ?

Hort. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Hort. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hort. And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuest, and M. *Page*, & eeke Cavaleiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a Jack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Mistris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt woee her: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure 'a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Jack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master *Slenders* serving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde *Windsor* way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Evan. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Evan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trembling of minde: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Urinalls about his knaves costard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Plesse

my soule : *To shallow Rivers to whose falls : melodious Birds sings Madrigalls : There will we make our Peds of Roses : and a thousand fragrant posies.* *To Shallow :* 'Mercie on mee, I have a great dispositions to cry. *Melodious birds sing Madrigalls :— When as I sat in Pabilon : and a thousand vagram Posies.* *To Shallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. Hee's welcome : *To shallow Rivers, to whose falls :* Heaven prosper the right : what weapons is he ?

Sim. No weapons, Sir : there comes my Master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman ; from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Evan. Pray you give mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson ? good morrow good Sir *Hugh* : keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. 'Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What ? the Sword, and the Word ?

Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson ?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day ?

Evan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

Evan. Fery-well : what is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman ; who (be-like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived foure-score yeeres, and upward : I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Evan. What is he ?

Page. I thinke you know him : Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Physician.

Evan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart : I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why ?

Evan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knave besides : a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons : keepe them asunder : here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarme them, and let them question : let them keepe their limbs whole, and hake our English.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare ; wherefore vill you not meet-a me ?

Evan. Pray you use your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward : de Jack dog : John Ape.

Evan. Pray you let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors : I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends : I will knog your Urinal about your knaves Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable : Jack Rugby : mine Host de Jarteer : have I not stay for him, to kill him ? have I not at de place I did appoint ?

Evan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you : this is the place appointed, Ile bee judgement by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welch*, Soule Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say : heare mine Host of the Garter, Am I politicke ? Am I subtle ? Am I a Machivell ? Shall I loose my Doctor ? No, hee gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson ? my Priest ? my Sir *Hugh* ? No, he gives me the Proverbes, and the No-verbes. Give me thy hand (Celestiall) so : Boyes of Art, I have deceiv'd you

both. I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Cas. Ha'do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-aot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our praines together to be revenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a Courtier.

Ford. Well met mistris *Page*, whether go you?

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company. I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name sirrah?

Rob. Sir John *Falstaffe.*

Ford. Sir John *Falstaffe.*

M. Pa. He, he, I can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is,

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sickle till I see her,

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no use of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie miles as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve score: hee peeces out his wives inclination: he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, & *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. *Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and wilfull *Aeon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke gives me my *Qu*, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for it is as positive, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. *Page*, &c. Well met Mr *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I Sir,

We have appointed to dine with Mistris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall have our answer.

Sir. I hope I have your good will Father *Page*.

Page. You have Mr *Slander*, I stand wholly for you,
But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de *Maid* is love-a-me: my mirth-a-Quickly
tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Mr *Festus*? He capers, he
dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holi-
day, he smells April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis
in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is
of no having, hee kept companye with the wilde Prince, and
Pointz: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no,
hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my
substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I
have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me
to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew
you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shal go, so shall you Mr *Page*,
and you Sir *Hugb*.

Sbal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer woing at Mr *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*,
and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, Ile
make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this Monster.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *M. Ford*, *M. Page*, *Servants*, *Robin*, *Falstaff*,
Ford, *Page*, *Caius*, *Evans*.

Mist. Ford. What *John*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Mis. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

Mis. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Heere, set it downe.

M. Pag. Give your men the charge, we must be briefe.

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*John & Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I sodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Datchet Mead*, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

M. Page. You will do it?

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lacke no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Mist. Ford. How now my *Eyas-Musket*, what newes with you?

Rob. My *M. Sir John* is come in at your backe doore (*Mist. Ford*) and requests your company.

M. Page. You litle Jack-a-lent, have you bin true to us?

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.

Mist. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

M. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mistris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Mist. Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

Mist. Ford. Go-too then: we'l use this unwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry *Pumpion*; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jayes.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

Mist. Ford. O sweet *Sir John*.

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist. Ford*)

now shall I sin in my wish ; I would thy Husband were dead, He speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mist. Ford. I your Lady Sir *John* ? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another : I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond : Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyrevaliant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *John* : My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so : thou wouldest make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend : Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mist. Ford. Believe me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee ? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee : Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time : I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee ; and thou desp'rst it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you love M. *Page*.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Mis. Ford. Well, heaven knowes how I love you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, He deserve it.

Mist. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe ; Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford* : heere's Mistris *Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wldely, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman,
Whats the matter? How now?

Mist. Page. O mistris *Ford* what have you done?
You'r sham'd, y'are overthowne, y'are undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good mistris *Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, mistris *Ford*, having an honest man to
your husband, to give him such cause of suspition.

M. Ford. What cause of suspition?

M. Page. What cause of suspition? Out upon you:
How am I mistooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all
the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes
is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill
advantage of his absence: you are undone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man
heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe
Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to
tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it:
but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not
amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or
bid farewell to your good life for ever.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his
perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the
house.

M. Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you
had rather :) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some
conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have
you deceiv'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any
reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen
upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time,
send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M. Page. What Sir John Falstaff? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile never—

M. Page. Helpe to cover your master (Boy:) Call your men
(Mist. Ford.) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford. What John, Robert, John; Go, take up these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest,
I deserve it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they beare it?
You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of the Buck:
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame:
heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search,
seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'l unkennell the Fox. Let
me stop this way first: so now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) up Gentlemen.
You shall see sport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

Evans. This is fery fantasticall humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:
It is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the issue of his search.

Mist. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mist. Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Mist. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband
askt who was in the basket?

Mist. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will have neede of washing :
so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest rascall : I would all of the
same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspition
of *Falstaff* being heere : for I never saw him so grosse in his
jealousie till now.

Mist. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet
have more tricks with *Falstaffe* : his dissolute disease will scarce
obey this medicine.

Mis. Ford. Shall we send that foolishion *Carion*, *Mist. Quickly*
to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him
another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

Mist. Page. We will do it : let him be sent for to morrow
eight a clocke to have amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him : may be the knave bragg'd of that
he could not compasse.

Mis. Page. Heard you that ?

Mis. Ford. You use me well, *M. Ford* ? Do you ?

Ford. I, I do so.

M. Ford. Heaven make you better then your thoghts.

Ford. Amen.

Mi. Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (*M. Ford*).

Ford. I, I : I must beare it.

Ew. If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers,
and in the coffers, and in the presses : heaven forgive my sins at
the day of judgement.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too : there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, *M. Ford*, are you not asham'd ? What spirit,
what divell suggests this imagination ? I wold not ha your
distemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windsor castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a bad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promisd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mock him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Any thing.

Ev. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie.

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knave, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Eva. A lowsie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page,
Mist. Page.*

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers love,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe,
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,

My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

Fen. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne* :)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valem
Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges ;
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet seeke my Fathers love, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris *Quickly*,
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me :
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M. *Slender* would speak a word with you.
An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice :
O what a world of wilde ill-favour'd faults
Looke handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere ?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton* ?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming ; to her Coz :
O boy, thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father (*M. An*) my uncle can tel you good jests
of him : pray you Uncle, tel Mist. *Anne* the jest how my Father
stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Mistris *Anne*, my Cozen loves you.
Slen. I that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

Sbal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds joynture.

Anne. Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for himselfe.

Sbal. Marrie I thanke you for it : I thanke you for that good comfort : she cals you (Coz) Ile leave you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Mistris *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will ?

Slen. My will ? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie jest indeede : I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heaven :) I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what wold you with me ?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you : your father and my uncle hath made motions : if it be my lucke, so ; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can : you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr *Slender* ; Love him daughter *Anne*.

Why how now ? What does Mr *Fenton* here ?

You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Mr *Page*, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me ?

Page. No, good M. *Fenton*.

Come M. *Shallow* : Come sonne *Slender*, in ;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page*.

Fen. Good Mist. *Page*, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy :
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected :
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris : farewell *Nan*.

Qui. This is my doing now : Nay, saide I, will you cast away
your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian :
Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee : and I pray thee once to night,
Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring : there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heaven send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he
hath : a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde
heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistris *Anne*, or I
would M. *Slender* had her : or (in sooth) I would M. *Fenton* had
her ; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have
promisd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speciously for M.
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaffe*
from my two Mistresses : what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Have
I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers
Offall ? and to be throwne in the Thames ? Wel, if I be serv'd
such another tricke, Ile have my braines 'tane out and butter'd,

and give them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues alighted me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should have beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snowbals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?
Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Spersme in my brewage.
How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. *Ford*.
Fal. *Mist. Ford?* I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans promise.
Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickely, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her think what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and then judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I mervaille I heare not of Mr. *Broome*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know What hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife,

Ford. That indeed (Sir *John*) is my businesse.

Fal. M. *Broome* I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly M. *Broome*.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of jelousie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wifes Love.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would have it, comes in one *Mist. Page*, gives intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her invention, and *Fords* wifes distraction, they convey'd me into a bucke basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master *Broome*) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master *Broome*) what I have sufferd, to bring this woman to ewill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaves, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the jealous knave their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knave would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the sequell (Master *Broome*) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths; First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of continual dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thame, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. In good sadness Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you have sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I have beeene into Thame, ere I will leave her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I have received from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how

I speede : and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her : adiew : you shall have her (Master *Broome*) Master *Broome*, you shall cuckold *Ford*.

Ford. Hum : ha ? Is this a vision ? Is this a dreame ? doe I sleepe ? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford* : ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master *Ford* :) this 'tis to be married ; this 'tis to have Lynnen, and Buck-baskets : Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am : I will now take the Leacher : hee is at my house : hee cannot scape me : 'tis impossible hee should : hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-Boxe : But least the Divell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places : though what I am, I cannot avoide ; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame : If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the proverbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Mist. Pag. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'st thou ?

Qui. Sure he is by this ; or will be presently ; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris *Ford* desires you to come sodainely.

Mist. Pag. Ile be with her by and by : Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole : looke where his Master comes ; 'tis a playing day I see : how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day ?

Eva. No : Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart.

Mist. Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke : I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Ev. Come hither *William* ; hold up your head ; come.

Mist. Pag. Come-on Sirha ; hold up your head ; answere your Master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes ?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace.

What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

Will. A Peeble.

Eva. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominativo hic bac, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo big, bag, bog*: pray you marke: *genitivo bujus*: Well, what is your *Accusative-case*?

Will. *Accusativo hic.*

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance (childe) *Accusativo big, bang, bog.*

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the *Focative case* (*William*?)

Will. *O, Vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember *William*, *Focative*, is *caret*.

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mist. *Pag.* Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive case plurall* (*William*?)

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. I.

Will. *Genitive horum, barum, horum.*

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; never name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words : hee teaches him to hic, and to hac ; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call *borum* ; fie upon you.

Evans. O'man, art thou Lunaties ? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders ? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mis. Page. Pre' thee hold thy peace.

Ev. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Ev. It is *Qui, que, quod* ; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches : Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Ev. He is a good sprag-memory : Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh* :

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Falstaffe, Mis. Ford, Mis. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.*

Fal. *Mis. Ford,* Your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance ; I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requitall to a haieres bredth, not onely *Mist. Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it : But are you sure of your husband now ?

Mis. Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir *John.*)

Mis. Page. What hoa, gossip *Ford* : what hoa.

Mis. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *John.*

Mis. Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe ?

Mis. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis. Page. Indeed ?

Mist. Ford. No certainly : Speake louder.

Mist. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mist. Ford. Why ?

Mis. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe : he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rales against all married mankinde ; so curses all *Ever* daughters, of what complexion soever ; and so buffeted himselfe on the for-head : crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse, civility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now : I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him ?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was caried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket : Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition : But I am glad the Knight is not heere ; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he *Mistris Page* ?

Mist. Pag. Hard by, at street end ; he wil be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is heere.

Mis. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you ? Away with him, away with him : Better shame, then murther.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go ? How should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket againe ?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket :

May I not go out ere he come ?

Mist. Page. Alas : three of Mr *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out : otherwise you might slip away ere hee came : But what make you heere ?

Fal. What shall I do ? Ile creepe up into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies use to discharge their Birdinge-peeces : creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it ?

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there on my word : Neyther

Presse, Coffer, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mist. Page. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir John, unlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremitie, rather then a mischiefe.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne above.

Mist. Page. On my word it will serve him: shee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run up Sir John.

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: *Mistris Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'l come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meeete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her.

Mist. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the divell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I in good sadness is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meeete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket : Goe up, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misuse enough :
We'll leave a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too :
We do not afe that often, jest, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders : your Master is hard at doore : if hee bid you set it downe, obey him : quickly, dispatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it prove true (Mr. *Page*) have you any way then to unfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine : some body call my wife : Youth in a basket : Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot : a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me : Now shall the devill be sham'd. What wife I say : Come, come forth : behold what honest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes M. *Ford* : you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks : this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband : I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I ?

Mist. Ford. Heaven be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazen-face, hold it out : Come forth sirrah.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not ashamed, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wives cloathes ? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my jealousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well *Mr. Ford*: This wrongs you.

Evans. Mr *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Mistris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Have I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

Mist. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you

Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out : Ile conjure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mist. Page. Are you not ashamed ?
I thinke you have kill'd the poore woman.

Mist. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.
Ford. Hang her witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede : I like not when a o'man has a great peard ; I spie a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow : see but the issue of my jealousie : If I cry out thus upon no traile, never trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further :
Come Gentlemen.

Mist. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifullly.
Mist. Ford. Nay by th'Masse that he did not : he beate him most unpittifullly, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious service.

Mist. Ford. What thinke you ? May we with the warrant of woman hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge ?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the divell have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt us againe.

Mist. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee have serv'd him.

Mist. Page. Yes, by all meanes : if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines : if they can find in their hearts, the poore unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers.

Mist. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l have him publiquely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publikely sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it : I would not have things coole.

Excunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to have three of your horses : the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly ? I heare not of him in the Court : let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English ?

Bar. I sir ? Ile call him to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but Ile make them pay : Ile sauce them, they have had my houses a week at commaund : I have turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as ever I did looke upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant ?

Mist. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt : I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnes : Now doth thy honor stand (In him that was of late an Heretike) As firme as faith.

Page. Tis well, 'tis well, no more : Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence, But let our plot go forward : Let our wives Yet once againe (to make us publike sport) Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meeete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Ev. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers: and has bin greevously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall have no desires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Devise but how you'l use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thether.

Mis. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne the Hunter* (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest) Doth all the winter time, at still midnight Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes, And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle, And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine In a most hideous and dreadfull manner. You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed-Eld Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age This tale of *Herne the Hunter*, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare In deepe of night to walke by this *Herne's Oake*: But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry this is our devise, That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meeete with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape, when you have brought him thether, What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist. Pa. That likewise have we thought upon: & thus: *Nan Page* (my daughter) and my little sonne, And three or fourre more of their growth, wee'l dresse Like Urchines, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white, With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands; upon a sodaine, As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song : Upon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the uncleane Knight ;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Revell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our selves ; dis-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll nev'r doo't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours : and I will be
like a Jacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them wizards.

Mist. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the Fairies,
finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. *Slender* steale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton* : go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpose : sure hee'l come.

Mist. Page. Feare not you that : Go get us properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveryes.

Mis. Page. Go *Mist. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his minde :
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page* :

That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot :
 And he, my husband best of all affects :
 The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
 Potent at Court : he, none but he shall have her,
 Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Evans, Caius, Quickly.

Host. What wouldst thou have ? (Boore) what ? (thick skin) speake, breathe, discusse : breefe, short, quicke, snap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Falstaffe* from *M. Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed : 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new : go, knock and call : hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian unto thee : Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber : Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come downe : I come to speake with her indeed.

Host. Ha ? A fat woman ? The Knight may be robb'd : Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *John* : speake from thy Lungs Military : Art thou there ? It is thine Host, thine Ephesian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Host ?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman : Let her descend (Bully) let her descend : my Chambers are honourable : Fie, privacy ? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of *Brainford* ?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her ?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I speake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings.

Host. Thou art clearly: thou art clearly (Sir *John*) was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Host*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurres, and away; like three *Germane*-divels; three *Doctor Faustasses*.

Host. They are gone but to mee the Duke (villaine) doe not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

Evan. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Evan. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of

mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Jermans, that has cozend all the *Hosts of Readins*, of *Maidenbead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vloting-stocks: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Host de Jarteere*?

Host. Here (Master *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamanie*: by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am undone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am undone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I have beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come to the eare of the Court, how I have beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene washd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falne as a dride-peare: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Divell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainesford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old

woman deliver'd me, the knave Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose, And (as I am a gentleman) ile give thee A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Host. I will heare you (Master *Fenton*) and I will (at the least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the deare love I beare to faire *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser) Even to my wish; I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter, That neither (singly) can be manifested Without the shew of both: fat *Falstaffe* Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest Ile show you here at large (harke good mine *Host*;) To night at *Hernes-Oke*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerie-Queene*: The purpose why, is here: in which disguise While other Jests are something ranke on foote,

Her father hath commanded her to slip
 Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
 Immediately to Marry : She hath consented : Now Sir,
 Her Mother, (even strong against that match
 And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
 And at the *Deanry*, where a *Priest* attends
 Strait marry her : to this her Mothers plot
 She (seemingly obedient) likewise hath
 Made promise to the *Doctor* : Now, thus it rests,
 Her Father meanes she shall be all in white ;
 And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
 She shall goe with him : her Mother hath intended
 (The better to devote her to the *Doctor* ;
 For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)
 That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
 With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which meanes she to deceive ? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good *Host*) to go along with me :
 And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar
 To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,
 And in the lawfull name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; Ile to the Vicar,
 Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a *Priest*.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
 Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Excunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prattling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odde Numbers, either in nativity, chance; or death: away.

Qui. Ile provide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold up your head & mince. How now M. *Broome*? Master *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or never. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master *Broome*) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that same knave (*Ford* hir husband) hath the finest mad divell of jealousie in him (Master *Broome*) that ever govern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greevously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliah with a Weavers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master *Broome* :) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Excunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come : wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slender*, my

Slender. I forsooth, I have spoke with her, & we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum ; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too : But what needs either your Mum, or her Budget ? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel : Heaven prosper our sport. No man means evill but the devill, and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away : follow me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly : go before into the Parke : we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter : But 'tis no matter ; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Mist. Ford. Where is *Nan* now ? and her troop of Fairies ? and the Welch-devill *Herne* ?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes Oake*, with obscur'd Lights ; which at the very instant of *Falstaffe* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quartæ.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch'-ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me: Remember Jove, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love set on thy horns. O powerfull Love, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipotent Love, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Jove, a beastly fault:) and then another fault in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Jove) a fowle-fault. When Gods have hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Jove) or who can blame me to pisze my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir John? Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-sleeves, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter mee heere.

M. Ford. Mistris Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heaven forgiue our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I think the divell wil not have me damn'd, Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would never else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone-shine revellers, and shades of night, You Orphan heires of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyea.

Pist. Elves, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes. Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape; Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

Ev. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the Organs of her fantasie, Sleepe ahe as sound as carelesse infancie,

But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qu. About, about :

Search Windsor Castle (Elves) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The severall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With juyce of Balme ; and every precious flowre,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and sev'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, evermore be blest.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the *Garters-Compass*, in a ring,
Th'expressione that it beares : Greene let it be,
More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see :
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuftes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee.
Fairies use Flowres for their characterie.
Away, disperse : But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Evan. Pray you lock hand in hand : yourselves in order set :
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end :
If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
And turne him to no paine : but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Eva. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:

Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.

Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,

Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we have watcht you now:
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jest no higher.
Now (good Sir *John*) how like you *Windsor* wives?
See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
Mr *Broome*, *Falstaff* a Knave, a Cuckoldly knave,
Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*:
And Master *Broome*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*, but his
Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which
must be paid to Mr *Broome*, his horses are arrested for it, Mr
Broome.

M. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill lucke: wee could never
meete: I will never take you for my Love againe, but I will
alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an *Asse*.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, drove the grossenesse of the poppery into a receiv'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Evans. Sir John Falstaffe, serve Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your Jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I have a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.

Ev. Seese is not good to give putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir John, do you thinke though wee would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to hell, that ever the devill could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puf man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evan. And given to Fornications, and to Tavernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one Mr Broome, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or hee should have swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might never stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is *Mistris Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon *Garsoon*, a boy; oon *pesant*, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.

How now Mr *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now *Mistris*:

How chance you went not with Mr *Slender*?

M. Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love:

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us:

Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,

And this deceit looses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed houres

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,

Money buys Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr *Fenton*,

Heaven give you many, many merry dayes :
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir John :)
To Master Broome, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford.* *Exeunt.*

FINIS.







MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act V. Sc. I.



MEASURE,

For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

 *Scalus.*

Esc. My Lord.

Duk. Of Government, the properties to unfold,
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes
For Common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo*:
What figure of us thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we have with speciall soule
Elefted him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?
Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo:*

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe upon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellency,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and use; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:

In our remove, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duk. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:

Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needfull value : We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well :
To th'hopefull execution doe I leave you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My haste may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe
With any scruple : your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good : Give me your hand,
Ile privily away : I love the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their lowd applause, and Aves vehement :
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.
Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happinesse. *Exit.*

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.
Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place :
A powre I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me : Let us with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait upon your honor. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other *Dukes*, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the *Dukes* fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the *Sanctimonious Pirat*, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale ?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why ? 'twas a commandement, to command the *Captaine* and all the rest from their functions : they put forth to steale : There's not a *Souldier* of us all, that in the thanks-giving before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I never heard any *Souldier* dislike it.

Luc. I beleeve thee : for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No ? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What ? In meeter ?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not ? Grace, is Grace, despight of all contro- versie : as for example ; Thou thy selfe art a wicked *villaine*, despight of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well ; there went but a paire of sheeres betweene us.

Luc. I grant : as there may betweene the *Lists*, and the *Velvet*. Thou art the *List*.

1. Gent. And thou the *Velvet* ; thou art good *velvet* ; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee : I had as lief be a *Lyst* of an *English Kersey*, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French Velvet*. Do I speake feelingly now ?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st : and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live forget to drinke after thee.

1. *Gent.* I think I have done my selfe wrong, have I not ?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawde.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
I have purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe,
As come to

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray ?

Luc. Judge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me ; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy : but so sound, as things that are hollow ; thy bones are hollow ; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica ?

Bawd. Well, well : there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. *Gent.* Who's that I pray' thee ?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison ? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so : I saw him arrested : saw him carried away : and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so : Art thou sure of this ?

Bawd. I am too sure of it : and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with childe.

Luc. Beleeve me this may be : he promis'd to meeete me two howres since, and he was ever precise in promise keeping.

2. *Gent.* Besides you know, it drawes somthing neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away : let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war ; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now ? what's the newes with you.

Enter Cloane.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well : what has he done ?

Clo. A woman.

Baw. But what's his offence ?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.

Baw. What ? is there a maid with child by him ?

Clo. No : but there's a woman with maid by him : you have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?

Baw. What proclamation, man ?

Clo. All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie ?

Clo. They shall stand for seed : they had gon down to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe ?

Clo. To the ground, Mistria.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth : what shall become of me ?

Clo. Come : feare not you : good Counsellors lacke no Clients : though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade : Ile bee your Tapster still ; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you ; you that have worne your eyes almost out in the service, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas Tapster* ? let's withdraw ?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoet to prison : and there's Madam *Juliet*. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th'world?
Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evill disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make us pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heaven ; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis just.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint.

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every Scope by the immoderate use
Turnes to restraint : Our Natures doe pursue
Like Rats that ravyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty evill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an arrest, I would send
for certaine of my Creditors : and yet, to say the truth, I had as
lief have the popperty of freedome, as the mortallity of imprison-
ment : what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder ?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie ?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend
Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred :

If they'll doe you any good : Is *Lechery* so look'd after ?

Cla. Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietas* bed,

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Save that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ on *Juliet*.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappely, even so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command ; lets it strait feele the spur :
Whether the Tiranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up
I stagger in : But this new Governor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which have (like un-scowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that nintene Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them beene worne ; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is : And thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off : Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done so, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde service :
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputie : bid her selfe assay him,
I have great hope in that : for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as move men : beside, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray shee may ; aswell for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under greevous imposition : as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-tacke : Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two hours.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No : holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribling dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat bosome : why, I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it ?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, witlesse bravery keepes.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travailed to *Poland*,
(For so I have strewd it in the common eare)
And so it is receiv'd : Now (pious Sir)

You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
Which for this fourteene yeares, we have let slip,
Even like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
For terror, not to use : in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd : so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And libertie, plucks Justice by the nose ;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tyde-up Justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare : too dreadfull :
Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe : For, we bid this be done
When evill deedes have their permissive passe,
And not the punishment : therefore indeede (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in slander : And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People : Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Frier* : Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you ;

Onely, this one : Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envie : scarce confesses
That his blood flowes : or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone : hence shall we see
If power change purpose : what our Seemers be.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you *Nuns* no farther priviledges ?

Nun. Are not these large enough ?

Isa. Yes truely ; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa ? peace be in this place.

Isa. Who's that which calls ?

Nun. It is a mans voice : gentle *Isabella*
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him ;
You may ; I may not : you are yet unsworne :
When you have vowd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioresse* ;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face ;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake :
He calls againe : I pray you answere him.

Isa. Peace and prosperitie : who is't that calls ?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse : can you so stede me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A Novice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio* ?

Isa. Why her unhappy Brother ? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Judge,
He should receive his punishment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to see me the Lapwing, and to jest
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleeve it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his lover have embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
To seeming foysion: even so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Juliet*?

Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: upon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)

Governes Lord *Angelo* ; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth : one, who never feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence ;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde : Studie, and fast
He (to give feare to use, and libertie,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act
Under whose heavy sence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit : he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example : all hope is gone,
Unlesse you have the grace, by your faire praier
To soften *Angelo* : And that's my pith of businesse
"Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he so,
Seeke his life ?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Provost hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isa. Alas : what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Assay the powre you have.

Isa. My power ? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes us loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
Men give like gods : but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it strait ;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother

Notice of my affaire : I humbly thanke you :
 Commend me to my brother : soone at night
 Ile send him certaine word of my successse.

Luc. I take my leave of you.

Isa.

Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants, Justice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
 Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
 And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
 Their pearch, and not their terror.

Esc. I, but yet
 Let us be keene, and rather cut a little
 Then fall, and bruise to death : alas, this gentleman
 Whom I would save, had a most noble father,
 Let but your honour know
 (Whom I beleeve to be most strait in vertue)
 That in the working of your owne affections,
 Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of our blood
 Could have attaïnd th'effect of your owne purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 And puld the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)
 Another thing to fall : I not deny
 The Jury passing on the Prisoners life
 May in the sworne-twelve have a thiefe, or two
 Guiltier then him they try ; what's open made to Justice,
 That Justice ceizes ; What knowes the Lawes
 That theevs do passe on theevs ? Tis very pregnant,
 The Jewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,

Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread upon, and never thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Judgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Provost.

Esc. Be it as your wisedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Esc. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive us all:
Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane upon Justice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of, and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Goe no: What qualty are they of? *Elbow* is your name?

Wlt. Why dost thou not speake *Elbow*?

Cla. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that serves a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now shee professes a hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heaven, and your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heaven is an honest woman.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinally given, might have bin accu'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Over-dons* meanes: but as she spit in his face, so she defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, prove it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing (saving your honors reverence) for stewd prewyns; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three pence; your honours have seene such dishes) they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir.

Clo. No indeede sir not of a pin ; you are therein in the right : but, to the point : As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I said) for prewyns : and having but two in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them very honestly : for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well : you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well : I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unlesse they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Esc. Come : you are a tedious foole : to the purpose : what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to complaine of ? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leave : And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here sir, a man of foure score pound a year ; whose father died at *Hallowmas* : Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master *Froth* ?

Fro. Allhallond-Eve.

Clo. Why very well : I hope here be truthes : he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to sit, have you not ?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then : I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*
When nights are longest there : Ile take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;

Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. Exit.

Esc. I thinke no lese : good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on : What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more ?

Clo. Once Sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, aske me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her ?

Clo. I beseech your sir, looke in this Gentlemans face : good Master *Froth* looke upon his honor ; 'tis for a good purpose : doth your honor marke his face ?

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face ?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposed upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him : good then : if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme ? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it ?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest ; thou lyest wicked varlet : the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here ; *Justice* or *Iniquitie* ? Is this true ?

Elb. O thou caytiffe : O thou varlet : O thou wicked *Hanniball* ; I respected with her, before I was married to her ? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke

mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or ile have mine action of battye on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldest discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and't please you sir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Over-don*.

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; *Over-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Esc. What else?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you

are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Esc. How would you live *Pompey*? by being a bawde? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, sir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

Esc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to feare the bawds.

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: If you live to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Exit.

Esc. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long have you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeere, and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time : you say seaven yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you : they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it ?

Elb. 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters ; as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them : I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worshipe house sir ?

Esc. To my house : fare you well : what's a clocke, thinke you ?

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie :

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Esc. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :
But yet, poore *Claudio* ; there is no remedie.
Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause ; he will come straight.
I'le tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe ; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent ; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,

All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have scene
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accessse to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,
If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatresse be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not lavish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while: y're welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite.

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Justice ;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well : the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done :
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.

Isab. Oh just, but severe Law :
I had a brother then ; heaven keepe your honour.

Luc. Give't not ore so : to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gowne,
You are too cold : if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Isab. Yes : I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Isab. But can you if you would ?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him ?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late ? why no : I that doe speak a word

May call it againe : well, beleeve this
 No ceremony that to great ones longs,
 Not the Kings Crowne ; nor the deputed sword,
 The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
 Become them with one halfe so good a grace
 As mercie does : If he had bin as you, and you as he,
 You would have slipt like him, but he like you
 Would not have beeene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potencie,
 And you were *Isabell* : should it then be thus ?
 No : I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
 And what a prisoner.

Luc. I, touch him : there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
 And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas :
 Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
 And he that might the vantage best have tooke,
 Found out the remedie : how would you be,
 If he, which is the top of Judgement, should
 But judge you, as you are ? Oh, thinke on that,
 And mercie then will breathe within your lips
 Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
 It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
 It should be thus with him : he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow ? oh, that's sodaine,
 Spare him, spare him :
 Hee's not prepar'd for death ; even for our kitchins
 We kill the fowle of season : shall we serve heaven
 With lesse respect then we doe minister
 To our grosse-selves ? good, good my Lord, bethink you ;
 Who is it that hath di'd for this offence ?

There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept,
Those many had not dar'd to doe that evill
If the first, that did th' Edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future evils
Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiv'd,
And so in progresse to be hatc'hd, and borne,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pittie.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Justice ;
For then I pittie those I doe not know,
Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lives not to aeft another. Be satisfied ;
Your Brother dies to morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers : Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength : but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himselfe do's, *Jove* would never be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder : Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splits the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill : But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape

Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weepe : who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench : he will relent,
Hee's comming : I perceive't.

Pro. Pray heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may jest with Saints : tis wit in them,
But in the lese fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc. Art avis'd o'that ? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top ; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault : if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it ; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me : come againe to morrow.

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you ; good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How ? bribe me ?

Is. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them : but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise : prayers from preserved soules,

From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heaven keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Isab. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theeves for their robbery have authority,
When Judges steale themselves: what, doe I love her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sinne, in loving vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature

Once stir my temper : but this vertuous Maid
 Subdues me quite : Ever till now
 When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Provost*, so I think you are.

Pro. I am the Provost : whats your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
 I come to visite the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison : doe me the common right
 To let me see them : and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull.

Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one : a Gentlewoman of mine,
 Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
 Hath blistered her report : She is with childe,
 And he that got it, sentenc'd : a yong man,
 More fit to doe another such offence,
 Then dye for this.

Duk. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do think to morrow.

I have provided for you, stay a while
 And you shall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I doe ; and beare the shame most patiently.

Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience
 And try your penitence, if it be sound,
 Or hollowly put on.

Jul. Ile gladly learne.

Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.

Jul. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your sin of heavier kinde then his.

Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in feare.

Jul. I doe repent me, as it is an evill,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest :

Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him :

Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.*

Exit.

Jul. Must die to morrow ? oh injurious Love
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Angelo.*

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To severall subjects : heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell* : heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evill
Of my conception : the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Grown feard, and tedious : yea, my Gravitie

Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
 Which the ayre beats for vaine : oh place, oh forme,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
 Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules
 To thy false seeming ? Blood, thou art blood,
 Let's write good Angell on the Devills horne
 'Tis not the Devills Crest : how now ? who's there ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way : oh, heavens
 Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for it selfe,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitnessse ?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
 Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
 By which bee should revive : and even so
 The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King
 Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
 Crowd to his presence, where their un-taught love
 Must needs appear offence : how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

An. That you might know it, wold much better please me,
 Then to demand what 'tis : your Brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so : heaven keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he live a while : and it may be
 As long as you, or I : yet he must die.

Isab. Under your Sentence ?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you : that in his Reprieve
 (Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
 That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha ? fie, these filthy vices : It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heavens Image
 In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easie,
 Falsely to take away a life true made,
 As to put mettle in restrained meanes
 To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so : then I shall poze you quickly.
 Which had you rather, that the most just Law
 Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleannessse
 As she that he hath staind ?

Isab. Sir, beleeve this,
 I had rather give my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule : our compel'd sins
 Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab. How say you ?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that : for I can speake
 Against the thing I say : Answer to this,
 I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
 Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
 Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
 To save this Brothers life ?

Isab. Please you to doo't,
 Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
 It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
 Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
 Heaven let me beare it : you granting of my suit,
 If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answerse.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
 I. Q

Your sence pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty ; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdome wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe : As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied : But marke me,
To be received plaine, Ile speake more grosse :
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upone that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Judge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law : and that there were
No earthly meane to save him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer :
What would you doe ?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe ;
That is : were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'lde weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have bin sicke for, ere I'lde yeeld
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him

Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have slander'd so ?

Isa. Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We speake not what we meane ;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearely love.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes :
Women ? Helpe heaven ; men their creation marre
In profiting by them : Nay, call us ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well :
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold ;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman ; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liverie.

Isa. I have no tongue but one ; gentle my Lord,

Let me entreat you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceive I love you.

Isa. My brother did love *Juliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you give me love.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeve me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleev'd,
And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaine thee *Angels*, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleev thee *Isabell*?
My unsold name, th austereenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I have begun,
And now I give my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding up thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true.

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleev me? O perilous mouthes *Exit.*

That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtaine to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blook,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'l yeeld them up,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother die ;
“ More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.”
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo* ?

Cla. The miserable have no other medicine
But onely hope : I'have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death : either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skylie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourly afflict : Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nurst by basenesse : Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke

Of a poure wome : thy best of rest is sleepe,
 And that thou oft provokest, yet gracie feare
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
 For thou existest on manie a thousand graine
 That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou stir'st to get,
 And what thou hast forgoest. Thou art not certaine,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the Moone : If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
 For like an Ass, whose backe with Ingots bowes ;
 Thou bearest thy hearie riches but a journie,
 And death unloads thee ; Friend hast thou none,
 For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
 The meere effusion of thy proper loynes
 Do curse the Cowt, Sapeco, and the Rhenne
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
 But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
 Of palsied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich
 Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
 To make thy riches pleasant : what's yet in this
 That beares the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths ; yet death we feare
 That makes these oddes, all even.

Cla. I humblie thanke you.
 To sue to live, I finde I seeke to die,
 And seeking death, finde life : Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa ? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there ? Come in, the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isab. My busynesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And verie welcom : looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,

As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Clau. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None, but such remedie, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twaine:

Clau. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a divellish mercie in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Clau. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. I just, perpetual durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastiditie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Clau. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leave you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feavorous life shouldst entertaine,
And six or seven winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die:
The sence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we treade upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,

As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why give you me this theme?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From shrowdie tendernesse? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armen.

Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yea, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This onward smitid Depotic,
Whose actid vimage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'ch head, and follies doth emnew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a divell:
His flich within being cast, he would appere
A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cla. The prenzie, *Angie's*?

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liverie of hell,
The damnest bodie to invest, and cover
In prenzie gardes; doest thou think *Claudio*,
If I would yeld him my virginarie
Thou might'st be freed?

Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would giv't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Cla. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thankes deere *Isabell*.

Isa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yea. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isa. Which is the least?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Isabell.*

Isa. What saies my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull,

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertayne thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible,
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, perjury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.

Isa. Alas, alas,

Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live.
What sinne you do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

Isa. Oh you beast,
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,
Heaven shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For such a warped slip of wildernesse

Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish : Might but my bending downe
Repreeve thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Cla. Nay heare me *Isabell.*

Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie :
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade ;
Mercy to thee would prove it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella.*

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and
by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require,
is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out
of other affaires : but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you
& your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her ;
onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his judgement
with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of
honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is
most glad to receive : I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this
to be true, therfore prepare your selfe to death : do not satisfie
your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must
die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of love with
life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell. *Provost*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father ?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone : leave me a
while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse
shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Exit.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it ever faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convaide to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be unlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if ever he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my advisings, to the love I have in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleieve that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever returne to have hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes never fearefull: Have you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* have married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, having in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heavily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love

toward her, ever most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weareas for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can shee availe?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saves your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindenesse (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to convenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall advise this wronged maid to steed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poore *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reprooche. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding up: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to *S. Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duk. Oh heavens, what stiffe is heere.

Clow. Twas never merry world since of two usurries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law: a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The evill that thou causest to be done,
That is thy meanes to live. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe,
From their abhominable and beastly touches
I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and live:
Canst thou beleive thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would prove.

Duke. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofs for sin

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officer :
Correction, and Instruction must both worke
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he has given him warning : the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master : if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your wast, a Cord sir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile : Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cesar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus : still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, shee hath eaten up all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good : It is the right of it : it must be so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an unshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse *Pompey* : farewell : goe say I sent thee thether : for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him : If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of

antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the prison *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship wil be my baile?

Luc. No indeed wil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will prey (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trustie *Pompey*. Blesse you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Brigid* paint still, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe: What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall tricke of him to steale from the State, and usurpe the beggerie hee was never borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him. Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severitie must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he

was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Urine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant sir, and speake space.

Luc. Why, what a rashleane thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peecce, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paide for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the service, and that instructed him to mercie.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shie fellow was the Duke, and I beleeve I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is Envie in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very stremme of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must upon a warrantted neede, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and bee shall appeare to the envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake unskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleeve that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him ; if it bee honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintaine it ; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name ?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke,

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O you hope the Duke will returne no more : or you imagine me to unhurtfull an opposite : but indeed I can doe you little harme : You'll for-sweare this againe ?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first. Thou art deceiv'd in mee Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no ?

Duke. Why should he die Sir ?

Luc. Why ? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish : I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe : this ungentur'd Agent will un-people the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous : The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would never bring them to light : would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me : The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlick : say that I said so : Farewell.

Exit.

Duke. No might, nor greatnessse in mortality
Can censure scape : Back-wounding calumnie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tong ?

But who comes heere ?

Enter Escalus, Provoost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man : good my Lord.

Esc. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde ? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage : his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Jacob* : I have kept it my selfe ; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License : Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison : Goe too, no more words. Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow : Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advised him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good'even, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now To use it for my time : I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noveltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is

scarce truth enough alive to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much upon this riddle runs the wisedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is everie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that above all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him rejoice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to his events, with a praier they may prove prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Justice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Esc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Justice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Answeres the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the sword of Heaven will beare,
Should be as holy, as seventre:
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to stand, and Virtue go:

More, nor lesse to others paying,
 Then by selfe-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
 Kils for faults of his owne liking :
 Twice treble shame on *Angelo*,
 To weede my vice, and let his grow.
 Oh, what may Man within him hide,
 Though Angel on the outward side ?
 How may likenesse made in crimes,
 Making practise on the Times,
 To draw with ydle Spiders strings
 Most ponderous and substanciall things ?
 Craft against vice, I must applie.
 With *Angelo* to night shall lye
 His old betroathed (but despised :)
 So disguise shall by th'disguised
 Pay with falsehood, false exacting,
 And performe an olde contracting.

Exit.

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.*

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes : the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne ;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
 I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musicall.

Let me excuse me, and beleeve me so,
My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good ; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good ; and good provoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day ;
much upon this time have I promis'd here to meeete.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after. I have sat here
all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeve you : the time is come even
now. I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be I will call
upon you anone for some advantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you.

Exit.

Duk. Very well met, and well come :
What is the newes from this good Deputie ?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't ;
And to that Vineyard is a planch'd gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key :
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy midle of the night, to call upon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

Isab. I have tane a due, and wary note upon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her observance ?

Isab. No : none but onely a repaire ith' darke.
And that I have possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe : for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along
That staies upon me ; whose perswasion is,

I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made knowne to *Mariana*.

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you persuade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:

I shall attend your leisure, but make haste

The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside.

Exit.

Duk. Oh Place, and greatness: millions of false eies
Are stucke upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarioues Quest
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:

He is your husband on a pre-contract
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us goe,
Our Corne's to reap, for yet our Tithes to sow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:

But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeld mee a direct
answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*:
heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office
lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall
redeeme you from your Gyves: if not, you shall have your full
time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpittied
whipping; for you have beeene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have beeene an unlawfull bawd, time out of minde,
but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee
glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abborson*: where's *Abborson* there?

Enter Abborson.

Abb. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your
execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the
yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, use him for the
present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with
you: he hath beeene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our
mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the
Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favor: for surely sir, a good
favor you have, but that you have a hanging look: Doe you call
sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abb. I Sir, a Mysterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Mysterie; and your

Whores air, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation, a Misterie: but what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Misterie.

Clo. Proofer.

Abb. Everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgivenesse.

Pro. You sirrah, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clock.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit.*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*.

Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleepe, as guiltlese labour,
When it lies starkly in the Travellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort: by, and by,

I hope it is some pardon, or repreeve
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Invellop you, good Provost : who call'd heere of late ?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell* ?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio* ?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, not so : his life is paraleld

Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice :

He doth with holie abstinence subdue

That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre

To qualifie in others : were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,

But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

This is a gentle Provost, sildome when

The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men :

How now ? what noise ? That spirit's possest with hast,

That wounds th'unsisting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay until the Officer

Arise to let him in : he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet ?

But he must die to morrow ?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Provost, as it is,

You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know : yet I beleeve there comes

No countermand : no such example have we :

Besides, upon the verie siege of Justice,

Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare

Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge ;
That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow : for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in :
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie ; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults love, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes ?

Pro. I told you :

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely :
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

*Whatsoever you may beare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed
by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernardine : For
my better satisfaction, let mee have Claudiou's head sent me by
five. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more
depends on it, then we must yet deliver. Thus faile not to doe
your Office, as you will answer it at your perill.*

What say you to this Sir ?

Duke. What is that *Bernardine*, who is to be executed in
th'afternoone ?

Pro. A Bohemian borne : But here nurst up & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeves for him: And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison? How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We have verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution and show'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Pro-
vost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient
skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay
my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you have warrant to
execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath
sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect,
I crave but foure daies respit: for the which, you are to do me
both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the houre limited, and
an expresse command, under penaltie, to deliver his head in the
view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to crosse this
in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my instructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath seen them both,
And will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it ;
Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of
the penitent to be so bar'de before his death : you know the course
is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thankes
and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead
against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie ?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke
avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty ; yet since I see you
fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with
ease attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all
feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of
the Duke : you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet
is not strange to you ?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke ; you
shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure : where you shall finde
within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that
Angelo knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange
tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some
Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke,
th'unfolding Starre calleth up the Shepheard ; put not your selfe
into amazement, how these things should be ; all difficulties are
but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off
with *Barnardines* head : I will give him a present shrift, and

advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris *Over-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong *Mr Rash*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde *Ginger*, nine score and seventeene pounds, of which hee made five *Markes* readie money: marrie then, *Ginger* was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one *Mr Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of *Peach-colour'd* Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we heere, yong *Disie*, and yong *Mr Deepewow*, and *Mr Copperspurre*, and *Mr Starve-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lustie *Pudding*, and *Mr Forthlight* the Tilter, and brave *Mr Shootie* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter *Abborsone*.

Abb. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

Abb. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman! You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepie.

Abb. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and
sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming : I heare his Straw
russle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe upon the blocke, sirrah ?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abborsone* ?

What's the newes with you ?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers :
for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have bin drinking all night.
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir : for he that drinkes all night, and is
hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the sounder all the
next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father : do we
jest now thinke you ?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily
you are to depart, I am come to advise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I : I have bin drinking hard all night, and I
will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my
braines with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's
certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you
Looke forward on the journie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you :

Bar. Not a word : if you have anie thing to say to me, come
to my Ward : for thence will not I to day.

Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die : oh gravell heart,
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner ?

Duke. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feavor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s yeares : his beard, and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio* ?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides.
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo* : See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently :
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alive ?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*,
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Provost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home :

Exit.

And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publikeye : him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A League below the Citie : and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Exit.

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither :
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better given me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon ?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Unhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
Forbeare it therefore, give your cause to heaven,

Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By every sillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow : nay drie your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance : Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meeke him at the gates,
There to give up their powre : If you can pace your wisdome,
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal have your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne :
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I pervert your course : whose heere ?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good even ;
Frier, where's the Provost ?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine
eyes so red : thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup
with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One
fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will
be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if

the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marveilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee, I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it. They would else have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'l have very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

An. In most uneven and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wisedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliver our authorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclame it in an howre before his entring, that if any crave redresse of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shewes his reason for that: to have a dispatch of

Complaints, and to deliver us from devices heereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meeke him.

Esc. I shall sir: fareyouwell.

Exit.

Ang.

Good night.

This deede unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclame against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By so receiving a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had lived.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you ever to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flavia's* house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,

And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate :
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke : There's other of our friends
Will greet us heere anon : my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am advis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the adverse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physick
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you :
Twice have the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and gravest Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very neere upon
The *Duke* is entring :
Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Citizens,
at severall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royll grace.

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both :
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Justice, that our soule
Cannot but yeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with characters of brassee
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion : Give we your hand
And let the Subject see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Favours that keepe within : Come *Escalus*,
You must walke by us, on our other hand :
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Justice, O royll *Duke*, vaile your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs ;
In what, by whom ? be briefe :

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice,
Reveale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me seeke redemption of the divell,
Hearre me your selfe : for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleev'd,
Or wring redresse from you :
Hearre me : oh hearre me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme :
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange : but yet most truely wil I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange ?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange ?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange ? and strange ?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange ?

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange ;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her : poore soule
She speakes this in th'infirmitie of sence.

Isab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee as thou beleev'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse : make not impossible
That which but seemes unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute :
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,

Be an arch-villaine : Beleeve it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeve no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason :
What would you say ?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd upon the A&t of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother ; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deair'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeede.

Duk. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duk. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it : and when you have
A businesse for your selfe : pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duk. The warrant's for your selfe : take heede to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time : proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

Duk. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe : the matter : proceed.

Isab. In briefe, to set the needlessse processe by :
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupisckle intemperate lust
Release my brother ; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him : But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.

Duk. By heaven (fond wretch) thou knowst not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor [speak'st,
In hatefull practise : first his Integritie
Stands without blemish : next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe : if he had so offended
He would have waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off : some one hath set you on :
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.

Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above
Kepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evill, which is heere wrapt up
In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from woe
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelleeved goe.

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere us? This needs must be a practise:
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere. Frier *Lodowick*.
Duk. A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I have stood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your royall care abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did beleive no lesse,
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that she speakes of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medller
As he's reported by this Gentleman:

And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeve it.

Peter. Well : he in time may come to cleere himselfe ;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord :
Of a strange Feavor : upon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false : And what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full cleare
Whensoever he's convented : First for this woman,
To justifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproved to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it :
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo* ?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fooles,
Give us some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall : be you Judge
Of your owne Cause : Is this the Witnes Frier ?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Untill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married ?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid ?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duk. A Widow then ?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then : neither Maid, Widow,
nor Wife ?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke : for many of them, are
neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married, And I confesse besides, I am no Maid, I have known my husband, yet my husband Knowes not, that ever he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord. Shee that accuses him of Fornication, In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband, And charges him, my Lord, with such a time, When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes With all th'effect of Love.

Ang. Charges she moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? You say your husband.

Mar. Why just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*, Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body, But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabel*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will unmaske. This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo* Which once thou sworset, was worth the looking on: This is the hand, which with a vowd contract Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body That tooke away the match from *Isabell*, And did supply thee at thy garden-house In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she saies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman, And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off, Partly for that her promis'd proportions Came short of Composition: But in chiefe For that her reputation was dis-valued In levitie: Since which time of five yeres I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her Upon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath, As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue, I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly As words could make up vowes: And my good Lord, But Tuesday night last gon, in's gardenhouse, He knew me as a wife. As this is true, Let me in safety raise me from my knees, Or else for ever be confixed here

A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now, Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Justice, My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceive These poore informall women, are no more But instruments of some more mightier member That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart, And punish them to your height of pleasure. Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes, Though they would swear downe each particular Saint, Were testimonies against his worth, and credit That's seal'd in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus* Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines

To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd,
There is another Frier that set them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint;
Your Provost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your injuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did
not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a dishonest
person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing but in his
Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the
Duke.

Esc. We shall entreat you to abide heere till he come, and
inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a notable
fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Esc. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would speake
with her: pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to question, you
shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately She
would sooner confesse, perchance publiquely she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,

Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,
Here, with the *Provost*.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call
upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord
Angelo? they have confes'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the divell
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The *Duke's* in us: and we will heare you speake,
Looke you speake justly.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?
Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke's* unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why thou unreverend, and unhallowed Fryer:
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witnesse of his proper eare,
To call him villaine: and then to glance from him,
To th' *Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice?
Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you
Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose:
What? unjust?

Duk. Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subje~~ct~~ am I not,

Nor here Provinciall : My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I have seene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew : Lawes, for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Ese. Slander to th' State :
Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio* ?
Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord : come hither goodman baldpate, doe
you know me ?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met
you at the prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you so ? and do you remember what you said of
the *Duke*.

Duk. Most notedly Sir.
Luc. Do you so Sir : And was the *Duke* a flesh-monger, a
foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be ?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make
that my report : you indeede spoke so of him, and much more,
much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow : did not I plucke thee by the
nose, for thy speeches ?

Duk. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love my selfe.
Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after his
treasonable abuses.

Ese. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall : Away with
him to prison : Where is the *Provost* ? away with him to prison :
lay bolts enough upon him : let him speak no more : away with
those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.
Ang. What, resists he ? helpe him *Lucio*.
Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir : soh sir, why you bald-

pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you ? show your knave's visage with a poxe to you : show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre : will't not off ?

Duk. Thou art the first knave, that ere mad'st a Duke.
First *Provost*, let me bayle these gentle three :
Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Must have a word anon : lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.

Duk. What you have spoke, I pardon : sit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him ; Sir, by your leave :
Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office ? If thou ha'st
Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,
To thinke I can be undiscerneable,
When I perceive your grace, like powre divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon my shame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession :
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say : was't thou ere contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,
Returne him here againe : goe with him *Provost*.

Exit.

Esc. My Lord, I am more amazed at his dishonor,
Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duk. Come hither *Isabell*,
Your *Frier* is now your Prince : As I was then
Advertysing, and holy to your businesse,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,

Atturnied at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon
That I, your vassale, have imploid, and pain'd
Your unknowne Soveraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Isabell*:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to us.
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:
And you may marvaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to save his life: and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,
It was the swift celerite of his death,
Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Then that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.
Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death.
Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

Isabel with Duke.

Mrs. Oh my sweet Master Duke,
I know you will be pleased me with a present.
Duke. It is your natural honest to you with a present,
Consequently to the self-same of your master.
I thought your marriage is in consideration,
For that he knew you might remonstrate with him,
And therefore your grace is come. For the present,
I thought by consideration they are nuns;
We are the same, and therefore you will al.
I say you a better present.

Mrs. Oh my sweet Duke.
I have no other, nor no better nuns.
Duke. Never name him, we areедин.
Mrs. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You are but loose your honor.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.
Mrs. Oh my good Lord, sweet Lord, take my poor
Lend me your knees, and al my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you doe importance her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercy of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his paved bed would breake,
And take her hence in horrour.

Mrs. *Isabel:*
Sweet Isabel, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous Sir.
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd: I partly thinke,

A due sinceritie governed his deeds,
Till he did looke on me : Since it is so,
Let him not die : my Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide,
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's unprofitable : stand up I say :
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusuall howre ?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed ?

Pro. No my good Lord : it was by private message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give up your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have dide,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duk. What's he ?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio* :
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke upon him.

Ese. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have stil appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,

'Tis my deserving, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.

Sirha, thou art said to have a stubborne soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condempn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to provide
For better times to come: Friar advise him,
I leave him to your hand. What ruffield fellow's that?

Prov. That is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovelie sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe,
Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your evill quits you well.
Looke that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remission in my selfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:
if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would
please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Provost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow

(As I have heard him sweare himself there's one
Whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her : the nuptiall finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to a Whore :
your Highnesse said even now I made you a Duke, good my
Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death, Whipping
and hanging.

Duke. Slanderizing a Prince deserves it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Joy to you *Mariana*, love her *Angelo* :
I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more grataulate.
Thanks *Provost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for '*Claudio*'s,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline ;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio : the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas. } 2. *Friers.*
Peter. }
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abborson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistress Over-don, a Bawd.

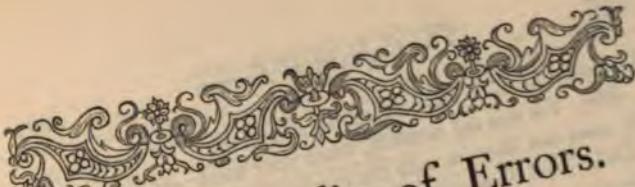
FINIS.





THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act II. Sc. II.



The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa,
Taylor, and other attendants.*

Merchant.

Proceed Solinus to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Siracusa, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes ;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pity from our threatening lookes :
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and us,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selves,
To admit no trafficke to our adverse townes :
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres :
Againe, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies :
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Unlesse a thousand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him :
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,



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The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
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His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Unlesse a thousand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him :
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,

Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusan* ; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home ?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes unspeakeable :
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Siracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me ; had not our hap beene bad :
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse ;
From whom my absence was nos sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arrived where I was :
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes :
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguis'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was delivered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike :
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne :

Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we said
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gave any Tragicke Instance of our *harme* :
But longer did we not retaine much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convay unto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was : (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him unto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes :
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the stremme,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing upon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discovered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to us :
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to us :
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne up,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have reft the Fishers of their prey.
Had not their backe beene very slow of saile ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What have befallne of them and they till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him :
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,

I hazarded the losse of whom I lov'd.
Five Sommers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiale helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the summe,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jaylor, take him to thy custodie.

Jaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his livelesse end.

Exeunt.

Enter Antipolis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
This very day a *Syracusian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a rivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,

Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West :
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee ;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long travaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a meane. *Exit Dromio.*

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests :
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me ?

E. Mar. I am invited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
I crave your pardon, soone at five a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time
My present businesse cals me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then : I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander up and downe to view the Citiie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content. *Exeunt.*

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get :
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Unseene, inquisitive) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (unhappie a) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date :
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late :
The Capon burnes, the Pig fale from the spit ;
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell :
My Mistris made it one upon my cheeke :
She is so hot because the meate is colde :
The meate is colde, because you come not home :
You come not home, because you have no stomacke :
You have no stomacke, having broke your fast :
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray ?
Where have you left the mony that I gave you.

E. Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper :
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you jest sir as you sit at dinner :
I from my Mistris come to you in post :
If I returne I shall be post indeede.
For she will scoure your fault upon my pate :
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier houre then this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

E. Dro. To me sir ? why you gave no gold to me ?

Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart

Home to your house, the *Phænix* sir, to dinner ;
My Mistris and her sister staines for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my monie ;
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me ?

E. Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate :
Some of my Mistris markes upon my shoulders :
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistris markes ? what Mistris slave hast thou ?

E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phænix* ;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner :
And praises that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid ? There take you that sir knave.

E. Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your hands :
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some devise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cozenage :
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eie :
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde :
Soule-killing Witches, that deform the bodie :
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebanks ;
And manie such like liberties of sinne :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner :
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slave,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipolis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :
Good Sister let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is Master of his libertie :
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come ; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more ?
Luc. Because their busynesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Looke when I serve him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe :
There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjects, and at their controules :
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminence then fish and foules,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This servitude makes you to keepe unwed.

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learne love, Ile practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that have no other cause :
A wretched soule bruis'd with adversitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burnded with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selves complaine :
So thou that hast no unkinde mate to greeve thee,
With urging helpelesse patience would releeve me ;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie :
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Epb.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand ?

E. Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two
eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him ? knowst thou his
minde ?

E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele his
meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, he strooke so plainly, I could too well feele his
blowes ; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand
them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home ?
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine ?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad :
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold :
'Tis dinner time, quoth I : my gold, quoth he :

Your meat doth burne, quoth I : my gold quoth he :
Will you come, quoth I : my gold, quoth he ;
Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine ?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd : my gold, quoth he :
My mistresse, sir, quoth I : hang up thy Mistresse :
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luci. Quoth who ?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse : so that my arrant due unto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home upon my shoulders : for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou slave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home ?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Backe slave, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.

Dro. And he will blesse that crosse with other beating :
Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus :
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starve for a merrie looke :
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke ? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull ? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Unkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite ?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd ? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,

A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire,
But, too unruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home ; poore I am but his stale.

Luci. Selfe-harming Jealousie ; fie beat it hence.

Ad. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence :
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a love he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed :
I see the Jewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie : yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will.
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame :
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond fooles serve mad Jelousie ?

Exit.

Enter Antipholis Erroris.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slave
I wandered forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart ? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracisia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd ?
As you love stroakes, so jest with me againe :
You know no *Centaur* ? you receiv'd no gold ?
Your Mistresse sent to have me home to dinner ?
My house was at the *Phenix* ? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou didst answere me ?

S. Dro. What answer sir ? when spake I such a word ?

E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an howre since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence

Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this meerie vaine,
What meanes this jest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I jest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest,
Upon what bargaine do you give it me?

Aniiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe use you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upon my love,
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will jest with me, know my aspe&t,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had
rather have it a head, and you use these blows long, I must get a
sconce for my head, and Insconce it to, or else I shall seek my
wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why hath a
wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore, for urging
it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever anie man thus beaten out of season,
when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason.
Well sir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thank me sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me for
nothing.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time sir: what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.

S. Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.

Ant. Well sir, learne to jest in good time, there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that before you were so chollericke.

Ant. By what rule sir?

S. Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recoverie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he looseth it in a kinde of jollitie.

An. For what reason.

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

An. Nay not sound I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying :
the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time have prov'd, here is no time for
all things.

S. Dro. Marry and did sir : namely, in no time to recover
haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time
to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himselfe is bald, and therefore
to the worlds end, will have bald followers.

An. I knew twould be a bald conclusion : but soft, who wafts
us yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects :
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldest vow,
That never words were musicke to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unlesse I speake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe ?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me :
That undiyidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere selfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me ;

For know my love : as easie maist thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingleth thence that drop againe
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
 How deereley would it touch thee to the quicke,
 Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious ?
 And that this body consecrate to thee,
 By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate ?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
 And hurle the name of husband in my face,
 And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow ?
 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
 I am possest with an adulterate blot,
 My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust :
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion :
 Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
 I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame ? I know you not :
 In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
 As strange unto your towne, as to your talke,
 Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
 Wants wit in all, one word to understand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you :
 When were you wont to use my sister thus ?
 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio* ?

Drom. By me.

Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
 That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse sir with this gentlewoman :
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I sir ? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names ?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
To counterfeit thus grossely with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode ;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine :
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drouse,
Usurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moves mee for her theame ;
What, was I married to her in my dreame ?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this ?
What error drives our eies and eares amisse ?
Until I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. *Dromio,* goe bid the servants spred for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights ;
If we obey them not, this will issue :
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch us blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not ?
Dromio, thou *Dromio,* thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not ?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.

'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,

To put the finger in the eie and weepe ;

Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne :

Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate :

Husband Ile dine above with you to day,

And shrieve you of a thousand idle prankes :

Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter :

Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell ?

Sleeping or waking, mad or well advise :

Knowne unto these, and to my selfe disguisde :

Ile say as they say, and persever so :

And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate ?

Adr. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Baltazar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres ;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,

And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house ;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this ?

E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show ;
If the skin were parchment, & the blows you gave were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balibazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is comon that every churle affords.

Anti. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but
words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest :
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt ; goe bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch :
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter ? my Master stayes
in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Proverbe, Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let us in I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore that keeps all this noise :

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with unruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.

Adri. Your wife sir knave? go get you from the dore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave wold
goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would
faine have either.

Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome
hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within : you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your
knaves pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words
are but winde :

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out upon thee hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee, I pray thee let
me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in : go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so ;
For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
If a crow help us in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,

And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th'unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you unknowne ;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint :
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it ;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead ;
For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever hows'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie :
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie : wilde, and yet too gentle ;
There will we dine : this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall :
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house : That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Upon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste :
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence,
Anti. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliana, with Antipholus of Siracusa.

Julia. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an evill word:
Alas poore women, make us not beleeve
(Being compaft of credit) that you love us,
Though others have the arme, shew us the sleeve
We in your motion turne, and you may move us.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.

Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake :
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit :
Smotherd in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The fouldest meaning of your words deceit :
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field ?
Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe :
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline :
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares :
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote :
Spread ore the silver waves thy golden haire ;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie :
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die :
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so ?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? Call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. No : it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part :

Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart ;

My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime ;

My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet ; for I am thee : .

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife :
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still :
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so fast ?
S. Drom. Doe you know me sir ? Am I *Dromio* ? Am I your
man ? Am I my selfe ?

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
Drom. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.
Ant. What womans man ? and how besides thy selfe ?

Drom. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman :
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. What claime laies she to thee ?
Drom. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse,
and she would have me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast she
would have me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes
claime to me.

Ant. What is she ?
Drom. A very reverent body : I such a one, as a man may not
speake of, without he say sir reverence, I have but leane lucke in
the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How dost thou meane a fat marriage ?
Drom. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I
know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her,
and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and
the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter : If she lives till
doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is she of ?
Drom. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane
kept : for why ? she sweats a man may goe over-shooes in the
grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.
Drom. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Anti. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Anti. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire.

Anti. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Clifffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Anti. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Anti. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrecks to be ballast at her nose.

Anti. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transformed me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Goe hie thee presently, post to the rode,

And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If everie one knowes us, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife.

Exit.

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soveraigne grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus.*

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I have made it for you.

Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receive my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receive the money now,
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

Exit.

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,

They would refuse so faire an other'd Chaine.
 I see a man heere needs not live by shift,
 When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts :
 Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dresses* stay,
 If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you,
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage :
 Therefore make present satisfaction,
 Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
 Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
 And in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a Chaine, at five a clocke
 I shall receive the money for the same :
 Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter *Antipholus Ephes.* *Dromio from the Couritizans.**Off.* That labour may you save : See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
 And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
 Among my wife, and their confederates,
 For locking me out of my doores by day :
 But soft I see the Goldsmith ; get thee gone,
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.Exit *Dromio.*

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe up that trusts to you,
 I promised your presence, and the Chaine,

But neither, Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me :
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together : and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merrie humor : here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the utmost charect,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present monie :
Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Ant. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will ? Have you the Chaine about you ?

Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have :
Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine :
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him heere too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no :
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you ? What should I answer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to say so.

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had :

Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorne me so appantly.

Offic. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.

But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,

As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Epberus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira, from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamum*,
That staies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then sir the beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convei'd aboord, and I have bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peevish sheep
What ship of *Epidamum* staies for me.

S. Drom. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Drom. You sent me for a ropes end as soone.
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke,

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streeete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come.

Exeunt.

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsaball did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their Masters mindes fulfill.

Exit.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austereely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?

Luc. Have patience I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and *ære*,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where:

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,

Stigmatical in making worse in minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:

And yet would herein others eies were worse:

Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;

My heart praises for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:

A divell in an everlasting garment hath him;

On whose hard heart is button'd up with steele:

A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:

A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:

A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,

One that before the Judgment carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrested well; but is

in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell, will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at. *Exit Luciana.*
Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I never here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meeete a Serjeant, a turnes backe
for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's
worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go Dromio, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.
Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracusan.

There's not a man I meeete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And everie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thankes for kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.

Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but that *Adam* that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an evill angell, and bid you forsake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when gentleman are tired gives them a sob, and rests them: he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and gives them suites of durance: he that sets up his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. I sir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God give you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ships put forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:
I see sir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaime you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the divell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the divels dam: And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appere to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvailous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he must have a long spoone that must eate with the divell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some divels aske but the parings of ones naile, a rush,
a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone: but she
more covetous, wold have a chaine: Master be wise, and if you
give it her, the divell will shake her Chaine, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know.

Exit.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Else would he never so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way :
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jailer.

An. Fear me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.
Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie,
How now sir? Have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serve you sir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Off. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversitie.

Off. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele
your blowes.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse.

E. Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may proove it by my long eares. I have served him from the houre of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a beggar woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Scholemaster, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistris *respic finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke?

Beats Dro.

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirmes no lesse: Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer, Establish him in his true sence againe, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man, To yeld possession to my holie praiers, And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers? Did this Companion with the saffron face

Revell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st upon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd untill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt up, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

Anti. And did not she her selfe revile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe revil'd you there.

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. Certie she did, the kitchin vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did.

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle Mr I receiv'd no gold :
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abject scorne of me :
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him : Hee strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murther me, thou Jailor thou ? I am thy
prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue ?

Off. Masters let him go : he is my prisoner, and you shall not
have him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe ?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd
Home to my house ; oh most unhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet.

Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee ?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry
the divell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idly doe they talke,

Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me :

Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan.

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how growes it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day

Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,

The Ring I saw upon his finger now,

Straight after did I meeete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come Jailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords,

Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe. *Runne all out.*

Off. Away, they'l kill us.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frigted.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.

S. Drom. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stufte from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboord.

Drom. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do us no harme: you saw they speake us faire, give us gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimea mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stufte aboord.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives heere in the Citie :
His word might beare my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so : and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him :
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day :
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it ?

Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forsware it ?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee :
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liv'st
To walke where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honestie

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand :

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villain.

They draw. Enter *Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,

Some get within him, take his sword away :

Binde Dromio too, and beare them to my house.

S. Dro. Runne master run, for God sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let us come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recoverie.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.

Adr. This weeke he hath beene heavie, sower, sad,
And much different from the man he was :
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who give their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Ab. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At boord he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a jealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy upbraiding,
Unquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly.
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adri. She did betray me to my owne reprove,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,

And it shall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will have no atturney but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I have us'd the approoved meanes I have,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe :
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him heere with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere :
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complaine unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And never rise untill my teares and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I think the Diall points at five :
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale ;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Upon what cause ?

Mar. To see a reverent *Siracusian Merchant*,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publiquely for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death.

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Syracuse bare head,
with the Headsman, & other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once againe proclame it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipolis* my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met us againe, and madly bent on us
Chac'd us away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,

When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
 And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me :
 I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your selfe,
 My Master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
 Whose beard they have sindg'd off with brands of fire,
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire ;
 My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole :
 And sure (unless you send some present helpe)
 Betweenne them they will kill the Conjuror.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tel you true,
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you :

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris : fie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing : guard with Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband : witnesse you,
 That he is borne about invisible,
 Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
 And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me justice,
 Even for the service that long since I did thee,
 When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
 Deepe scarres to save thy life ; even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Mar. Fat. Unlesse the feare of death doth make me dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice (sweet Prince) against that Woman there; She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife; That hath abused and dishonored me, Even in the strength and height of injurie: Beyond imagination is the wrong That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me just.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores upon me. While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greevous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister, To day did dine together: so befall my soule, As this is false he burthens me withall.

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night, But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne, In this the Madman justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say, Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine, Nor headie-rash provoak'd with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad. This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner; That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, Could witnesse it: for he was with me then, Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine, Promising to bring it to the Porpetine, Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and he not comming thither, I went to seeke him. In the street I met him, And in his companie that Gentleman There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe, That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine, Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,

He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
For certaine Duckets : he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By th'way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates : Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine ;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch ;
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjuror :
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome ; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him :
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no ?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confess you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you,
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey wals,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :
I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven :
And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this ?
I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* cup :
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would have bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.

E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere ?

Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange : Go call the Abbesse hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word :
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speake freely *Siracusian* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus* ?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio* ?

E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.

Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. Our selves we do remember sir by you :
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir ?

Father. Why looke you strange on me ? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh ! grieve hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,

Have written strange defeatures in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. Neither.

Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou ?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost ?

E. *Dromio*. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleeve him.

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seven short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up :
Yet hath my night of life some memorie :
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left ;
My dull deafe eares a little use to heare :
All these old witnesseas, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.

I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Have I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa* :
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other :
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie :
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake :
And speake unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right :
These two *Antipholus*, theses two so like,
And these two *Dromios*, one in semblance :
Besides her urging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up ;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell :
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.

Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.

S. Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.

E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.

Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.

Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I must have that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with us into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this sympathized one daies error
Have suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe us companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in travaile

Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heavie burthen are delivered :
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Nativitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

Excunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S. Dro. Mast, shall I fetch your stiffe from shipbord ?

E. An. Dromio, what stiffe of mine hast thou imbarkt ?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master *Dromio*.

Come go with us, wee'l looke to that anon,

Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him.

Exit.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner :

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother :
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossipping ?

S. Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S. Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou
first.

E. Dro. Nay then thus :
We came into the world like brother and brother :
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Excunt.*

FINIS.







MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act IV. Sc. II.



Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

 Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter of Arragon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchiever brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that *Don Peter* hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembred by *Don Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Uncle heere in *Messina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have alreadie delivered him letters, and there appeares much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde overflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bils here in *Messina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Unclees foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in these warrs.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to eate it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, fourre of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'st possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your booke.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the divell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and John the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You have it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine ! are you yet living ?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such
meetee foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke ? Curtesie it selfe
must convert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am
loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted : and I would I could
 finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I love
none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else have
beene troubled with a pernicious Suter, I thanke God and my cold
blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog
barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loves me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some
Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a
face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so
good a continuuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have
done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Jades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all : *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and
signior *Benedicke* ; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath invited you all,
I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily
praies some occasion may detaine us longer : I dare sweare hee is
no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let
mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince
your brother : I owe you all duetie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke
you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on ?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. *Manet Benedicke and Claudio.*

Clau. *Benedicke,* didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Clau. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Ben. Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie such a jewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting jacke, to tell us Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall a man take you to goe in the song?

— *Clau.* In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that ever I lookt on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possest with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

— *Clau.* I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I never see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sundaiies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bastard.

Pedr. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would have you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in love, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it utred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I speake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feele.

Pedr. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loved, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedr. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Clau. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thanke her: that she brought mee up, I likewise give her most humble thankes: but that I will have a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because

I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will live a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loose more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me up at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and cal'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the savage Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie under my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldest bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixt of July. Your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse

is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

Exit.

Clau. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire,
Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a souldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Have left their places vacant: in their roomes
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou dost love faire *Hero*, cherish it,
And I will breake with her: wast not to this end,
That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Clau. How sweetly doe you minister to love,
That know loves griefe by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest graunt is the necessitie:
Looke what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall have revelling to night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosome Ile unclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
In practise let us put it presently.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son : hath he
provided this musicke ?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes
that you yet dreame not of.

Lo. Are they good ?

Old. As the events stamps them, but they have a good cover :
they shew well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in
a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a
man of mine : the Prince discovered to *Claudio* that hee loved my
niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a
dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the
present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this ?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question
him your selfe.

Leo. No, no ; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it
selfe : but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be
the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this bee true :
goe you and tell her of it : coosins, you know what you have to
doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will use
your skill good cosin have a care this busie time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of
measure sad ?

Job. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds therefore
the sadnessse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Job. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art borne under *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I have cause, and smile at no mans jests, eat when I have stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the ful shew of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you have of late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne harvest.

Job. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a musell, and enfranchisde with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

Jobn. I will make all use of it, for I use it onely.

Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Jobn. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to unquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Jobn. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glorie of my overthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe every way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe prove whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count *John* here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Johns*

mouth, and halfe Count Johns melancholy in Signior Benedicks face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith shee's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way : for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening : Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him ? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman ? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth : and he that hath no beard, is leesse then a man : and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee : and he that is leesse then a man, I am not for him : therefore I will even take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meeete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, heere's no place for you maidis, so deliver I up my Apes, and away to S. Peter : for the heavens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there live wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my coens dutie to make curtaie, and say, as it please you : but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other curtie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no unckle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your answere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the firstsuite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantasticall) the wedding manerly modest, (as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave.

Leonato. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye unckle, I can see a Church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or dumbe John, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemons* roofe, within the house is Love.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers alowd.

Ben. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is answered.

Ursula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio*.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Ursu. You could never doe him so ill well, unlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand up & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Ursula. Come, come, doe you think I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeve me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes jeaster, a very dull foole, onely

his gift is, in devising impossible slanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleasest men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saved, for the foole will eate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Musick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him sweare his affection.

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau.*

Clau. Thus answer I in name of *Benedicke*,
But heare these ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:
'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the Office and affaires of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their owne tongues.

Let everie eye negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely prooфе,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio*.

Clau. Yes, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your own businesse,
Count. What fashion will you weare the Garland off? About
your necke, like an Usurers chaine? Or under your arme, like a
Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince
hath got your *Hero*.

Clau. I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drovier, so they fel
Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold have served you
thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that
stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leave you.

Exit.

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into sedges:
But that my Ladie *Beatrice* should know me, & not know me:
the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe under that title,
because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong:
I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of
Beatrice, that putt's the world into her person, and so gives me
out: well, Ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame,
I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told
him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will

of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being overjoyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he stealest it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worne himselfe, and the rod hee might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misude me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Jester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveiance upon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynyards, and every word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgrest, she would have made *Hercules* have turnd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would conjure her, for certaintely while she is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and

people sinne upon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any service to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Johns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this *Harpy*: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I love not, I cannot indure this Lady to tigre. *Exit.*

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke.*

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady, you have put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should proove the mother of fooles: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but civil Count, civil as an Orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I

have wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herault of joy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my selfe for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And so she doth coosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady,

Beat. No, my Lord, unlesse I might have another for working-daisies, your Grace is too costly to weare everie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunst, and under that was I borne: cosins God give you joy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of ?
Beat. I cry your mercy Uncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepes, and not ever sad then : for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themselves madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church ?

Claud. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

Leonato. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a just seven night, and a time too briefe too, to have all things answer minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dully by us, I will in the *interim*, undertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero* ?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefulllest husband that I know : thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of

approved valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely love-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exit.

Enter John and Borachio.

Job. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

John. Shew me brefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poysen of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What prooфе shall I make of that?

Bor. Prooфе enough, to misuse the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to undoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

John. Onely to despight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loves

me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a love of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: they will scarcely beleeve this without triall: offer them instances which shall bear no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyaltie, that jealousy shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrowne.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already Sir.

Exit.

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in love, & such a man is *Claudio*. I have known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashon of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is

he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, just so many strange dishes : may I be so converted, & see with these eyes ? I cannot tell, I thinke not : I will not bee sworne, but love may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a foole : one woman is faire, yet I am well : another is wise, yet I am well : another vertuous, yet I am well : but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace : rich shee shall be, that's certaine : wise, or Ile none : vertuous, or Ile never cheapen her : faire, or Ile never looke on her : milde, or come not neere me : Noble, or not for an Angell : of good discourse : an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal be of what colour it please God, hah ! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke ?

Claud. Yea my good Lord : how still the evening is, As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe ?

Clau. O very well my Lord : the musicke ended, We'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce, To slander musicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witnesse still of excellency, To slander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellency, To put a strange face on his owne perfection, I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing, Since many a woorer doth commence his suit, To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes, Yet will he sweare he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come, Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchetts that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine aire, now is his soule ravisht, is it not strang
that sheepe guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well, :
horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have howld thus,
they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode
no mischiefe, I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what
plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar?* I pray thee
get us some excellent musick: for to morrow night we would
have it at the *Lady Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it

you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with signior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did never thinke that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhorre,

Bene. Is't possible? sits the wind in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she discovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworne it had, my Lord, especially against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knavery cannot sure hide himselfe in such reverence.

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and sweares she never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall I, saies she, that have so oft encountered him with scorne, write to him that I love him?

Leo. This saies shee now · shee is beginning to write to

him, for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smocke, till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it over, she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I love him, I should.

Clau. Then downe upon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praiers, curses, O sweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Princ. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In every thing, but in loving *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wisidome and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofes to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have just cause: being her Uncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage on mee, I would have daft all other respects, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clau. *Hero* thinkes surely she wil die, for she saies she will die, if hee love her not, and shee will die ere shee make her love knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crossenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee avoydes them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large jeasts hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her love.

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I love *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her upon this, I wil never trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must

your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumbe shew: let us send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections have the full bent: love me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any signe of affection: I did never thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnessse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reprove it, and wise, but for loving me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in love with her, I may chance have some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should live till I were maried, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painfull, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea just so much as you may take upon a knives point, and choake a daw withall: you have no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villain, if I doe not love her I am a Jew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou finde my Cousin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Ursula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou over-heardst us,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the sunne to enter: like favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and downe,
Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then ever man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
Is sicke in love with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the silver streame,
And greedily devoure the treacherous baite :
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who even now,
Is couched in the wood-bine coverture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it :
No truely *Ursula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Ursula. But are you sure,
That *Benedicke* loves *Beatrice* so intirely ?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam ?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedicke*,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yeelded to a man :
But Nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of powder stiffe then that of *Beatrice* :
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
Shee is so selfe indeared.

Ursula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward : if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister :
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot : if tall, a launce ill headed :
If low, an agot very vildlie cut :
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes :
If silent, why a blocke moved with none.
So turnes she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so ? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like covered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly :
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it heare what shee will say

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaille him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Ursu. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priske to have, as to refuse

So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellency did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why everie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and have thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ursu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by hape,
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps.

Exit

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory lives behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better then reportingly.

Exit

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and
then go I toward Arragon.

Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new glosse of
your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to
weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie
for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is al-

mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Leo. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, every one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in love.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, unlesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: unlesse hee have a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would have it to appeare he is.

Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no beleeving old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings, What should that bode?

Prin. Hath any man seen him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie stuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the losse of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Civit, can you smell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare wha
they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into
lute-string, and now govern'd by stopes.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him: conclude, he i
in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowe
him not.

Cla. Yea, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies fo
him.

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke
aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake
to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played
their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one
another when they meeet.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In private?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what
I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Basta. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare here-
after, and ay me better at me by that I now will manifest, for my
brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in dearenesse of heart)

hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Even shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, every mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Princ. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will joyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue show it selfe.

Prin. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischiefe stranglie thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seene the sequelle. *Exit.*

Enter Dogberry and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pitty but they should suffer salvation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they

should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch 1. *Hugh Ote-cake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable.

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answere: well, for your favour sir, why give God thankes, & make no boast of it and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefor beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Ver. You have bin alwaies cal'd a merciful man partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will never answere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meeete the Prince in the night, you may staine him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staine him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie

matter of weight chances, call up me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let us go sit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbora. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beseech you.

Exeunt.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an awnser for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drisels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii.

yeares, a goes up and downe like a gentle man : I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie ?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hotblouds, betweene foure-teene & five & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoes* souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shaven *Hercules* in the smircht worm eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man ; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion ?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I have to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night : I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don John*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero* ?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the divell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did deceive them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would meeke her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right master Constable, we have here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them. I know him, a weares a locke.

Conr. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, never speake, we charge you, let us obey you to goe with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commoditie, being taken up of these mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come weeke obey you.

Exeunt.

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cosin will say so.

Hero. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashon yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaines* gowne that they praise so.

Hero. O that exceeds they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearles, downe sleeves, tide sleeves, and skirts, round underborn with a blewiah tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent faashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heavier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashame'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heavier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alwey with your heeles, then if your husband have stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a'clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one their harts desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not scene enough, you should weare it in your c
by my troth I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and :
it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you have some morall in t
benedictus.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning,
meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke
you are in love, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke wh
I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I can
thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are i
love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love : y
Benedicke was such another, and now is he become a man, h
swore hee would never marry, and yet now in despight of h
heart he eateth his meat without grudging, and how you may b
converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eie
as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Ursula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signio
Benedicke, Don John, and all the gallants of the towne are com
to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, goo
Ursula.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you
that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie tim
with me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Con. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah ?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citiie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Con. Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe us, it is a world to see : well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe : fare you well. *Exit.*

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Sea-coale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole : we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you : heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Jaile. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her : Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

Claud. Know you anie, *Hero* ?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count ?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None :

Clau. O what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do !

Bene. How now ! interjections ? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained soule
Give me this maid your daughter ?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did give her me.

Cla. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift ?

Prin. Nothing, unlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes :
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Give not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour :
Behold how like a maid she blushes heere !
O what authoritie and shew of truth
Can cunning sinne cover it selfe withall !
Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue ? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes ? But she is none :
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed :
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord ?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approved wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooфе,
Have vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.

Clau. I know what you would say : if I have knowne her,
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne : No *Leonato*
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sinceritie and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne :
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or those pampered animallas,
That rage in savage sensualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide ?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake not you ?

Prin. What should I speake ?
I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame ?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God !

Clau. Leonato, stand I here ?
Is this the Prince ? is this the Princes brother ?
Is this face *Heroes* ? are our eies our owne ?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord ?

Clau. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset,
What kinde of catechizing call you this ?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero* ? who can blot that name
With any just reproach ?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one ?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,

I am sorry you must heare : upon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to utter them : thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart ?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke up all the gates of Love,
And on my eie-lids shall Conjecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

Beat. Why how now cosin, wherefore sink you down ?

Bast. Come, let us go : these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

Bene. How doth the Lady ?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe uncle,

Hero, why *Hero*, Uncle, Signior *Benedicke*, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate ! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wisht for.

Beatr. How now cosin *Hero* ?

Fri. Have comfort Ladie,

Leon. Dost thou looke up ?

Frier. Yea, wherefore should she not ?

Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldest not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe wouldest on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why ever was't thou lovelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke up a beggars issue at my gates,
Who sneered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might have said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derives it selfe from unknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in
wonder, I know not what to say.

Bea. O on my soule my cosin is belied.

Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No truly: not although untill last night,
I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron
Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,
Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I have onely bene silent so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I have markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke : trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Under some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be :
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of perjury, she not denies it :
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse ?

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of ?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none .
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me converst,
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them have the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisedomes be misled in this :
The practise of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.

Leo. I know not : if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her : If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate up my invention,
Nor Fortune made such havocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life ref me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Fri. Pause awhile :
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed :
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine unto a buriall.

Leon. What shall become of this ? What wil this do ?

Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this travaile looke for greater birth :
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of every hearer : for it so fals out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio* :
When he shal heare she dyed upon his words,

Th'Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination.
And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come appareld in more precious habite :
More moving delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule
Then when she liv'd indeed : then shal he mourne,
If ever Love had interest in his Liver,
And wish he had not so accused her :
No, though he thought his accusation true :
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Wil fashion the event in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not well, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier advise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and justlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure.
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhapse is but prolong'd, have patience & endure.

Exit.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeve your fair cosin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe love nothing in the world so well as you, is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you, but beleeve me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lov'st me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you love mee, and I will make him eat it that sayes I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sawce that can be devised to it, I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy howre, I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no love in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villaine, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand untill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation uncovered slander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hearre me Beatrice.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bene. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testimonie, a goodly Count, Comfet, a sweet Gallant surelie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way then swearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so leave you: by this hand *Claudio* shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Cowley. O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. *Borachio.*

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours sirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: maisters, doe you serve God: maisters, it is proved alreadie that you are little better than false knaves, and it will goe neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your selves?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a tale: have you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to examine, you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the eftest way, let the watch come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don John* the Princes brother was a villain.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *John* a villain: why this is flat perjurie, to call a Princes brother villain.

Bora. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Mary that he had received a thousand Dukates of *Don John*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Const. Yea by th'masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny, Prince *John* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grieve of this sodainely died: Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Const. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sext. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Cowley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an asse: No thou villaine, thou art full of piety as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witnessse, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a housholder, and which is more, as pretty a peice of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses,

and one that hath two gownes, and every thing handsome about him : bring him away : O that I had been writ downe an asse !

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And 'tis not wisedome thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a sieve : give not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his childe,
Whose joy of her is over-whelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answer every straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and forme :
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,
Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wasters : bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience :
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themselves not feele, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
Would give preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,

No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow :
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe : therefore give me no counaile,
My griefs cry lowder then advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,
For there was never yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How ever they have writ the stile of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords ?

Prin. We have some haste *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haste my Lord ! wel, fare you wel my Lord,
Are you so hasty now ? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with us, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou :
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beashrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of feare,

Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, never fleere and jest at me, I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole, As under priviledge of age to bragge, What I have done being yong, or what would doe, Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head, Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me, That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, And with grey haire and bruise of many daies, Doe challenge thee to triall of a man, I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe, Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart, And she lies buried with her ancestors : O in a tombe where never scandall slept, Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany ?

Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord, Ile prove it on his body if he dare, Despight his nice fence, and his active practise, His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me ? thou hast kild my child, If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed, But that's no matter, let him kill one first : Win me and weare me, let him answere me, Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence, Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Brot. Content your self, God knows I lov'd my neece, And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines, That dare as well answer a man indeede,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue,
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Jackes, milke-sops.

Leon. Brother Anthony.

Brot. Hold you content, what man ! I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Goe antiquely and show outward hidiousnesse,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Come, tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death :
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of prooфе.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard. *Exeunt ambo.*

Bro. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes ?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part almost a
fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to have had our two noses snapt off with
two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou ? had wee
fought, I doubt we should have beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke
you both.

Clau. We have beene up and downe to seeke thee, for we are

high proofe melancholly, and would faine have it beaten away, wilt thou use thy wit ?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it ?

Prin. Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side ?

Clau. Never any did so, though verie manie have been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure us.

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sick or angrie ?

Clau. What, courage man : what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meeete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect.

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this last was broke crosse.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your eare ?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I jest not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare : do me right, or I will protest your cowardise : you have kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heavie on you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meeete you, so I may have good cheare.

Prin. What, a feast a feast ?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calves head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a woodcocke too ?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day : I said thou hadst a fine wit : true saies she, a fine little one : no said I, a great wit : right saies shee, a great grosse one : nay said I, a good wit : just said she, it hurts no body : nay said I, the gentleman is wise : certain said she, a wise gentleman : nay said I,

he hath the tongues: that I beleeve said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did shee an howre together trans-shape thy particular vertues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the proprest man in Italie.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee did not hate him deadlie, shee would love him dearely, the old mans daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the savage Bulls hornes on the sensible *Benedicks* head?

Claud. Yea and text under-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leave you now to your gossep-like humor, you breake jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you have among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Claud. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Claud. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke up my heart, and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, shee shall neare weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Const. Marrie sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths, secondarily they are slanderers, sixt and lastly, they have belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Prin. First I aske thee what they have done, thirdlie I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne division, and by my troth there's one meaning well suted.

Prin. Who have you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be understood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine awnswere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I have deceived even your verie eies: what your wisedomes could not discover, these shallow fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how *Don John* your brother incensed me to slander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marrie her: my villanie they have upon record, which I had rather seale with my death, then repeate over to my shame: the Ladie is dead upon mine and my masters false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I have drunke poison whiles he utter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

For. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is upon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintives, by this time our *Sexton*
hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and masters, do not
forget to specifie when time & place shall serve, that I am
an *Asse*.

Con. 2. Here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and the
Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his cies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoide him: which of these is he?

For. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kild mine
innocent childe?

For. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it;
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend under anie heavie waight,
That heele enjoyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible, but I prae you both,

Possesse the people in *Messina* here,
 How innocent she died, and if your love
 Can labour aught in ~~sad~~ invention,
 Hang her an epitaph upon her toomb,
 And sing it to her bones, sing it to night :
 To morrow morning come you to my house,
 And since you could not be my sonne in law,
 Be yet my Nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
 Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,
 And she alone is heire to both of us,
 Give her the right you should have giv'n her cosin,
 And so dies my revenge.

Clau. O noble sir !
 Your overkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
 I do embrace your offer, and dispose
 For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
 To night I take my leave, this naughtie man
 Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
 Who I beleive was packt in all this wrong,
 Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my soule she was not,
 Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
 But alwaies hath bin just and vertuous,
 In anie thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreover sir, which indeede is not under white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paied, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake : praeie you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.
Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankefull and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God save the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Const. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humblie give you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Brot. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, wee have bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of love that sits above, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserve. I meane in singing, but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilous the first imployer of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet ruane smoothly in the even rode of a blanke verse, why they were never so truly turned over and over as my poore selfe in love: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne under a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festivall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of evill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithite, I do suffer love indeede, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you

spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to woee peaceable.

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall live no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therfore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Ben. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Uncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooved my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abusde, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Uncles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

*Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:*

*Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies :
So the life that dyed with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tombe,
Praising her when I am done.*

Clau. Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne.

Song.

*Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombs they goe :
Midnight assist our mone, helpe us to sigh and grone.
Heavily, heavily.
Graves yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.*

Lo. Now unto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this right.

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,
The wolves have pried, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey :
Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow masters, each his severall way.

Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Ursula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the errour that you heard debated :
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,

Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*.

Exeunt Ladies.

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or undoe me, one of them :
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Bened. Your answer sir is Enigmatical,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoyn'd,
In the state of honourable marriage,
In which (Good Friar) I shall desire your helpe.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio* :
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedike*, why what's the matter?
That you have such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.

Claud. I thinke he thinkes upon the savage bull :
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull *Jove* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.

Cla. For this I owe you : here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I must seize upon ?

Leo. This same is she, and I doe give you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero* ?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death :
Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,
And to the chappell let us presently.

Bene. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Uncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, have
beene deceived, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you love mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Ursula*
Are much deceiv'd, for they did sweare you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And Ile be sworne upon't, that he loves her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedicke*.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts:
come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeld
upon great perswasion, & partly to save your life, for I was told
you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers
cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a
Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines,
a shall weare nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do
purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the
world can say against it, and therefore never flout at me, for I

have said against it : for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion : for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruise'd, and love my cousin.

Cla. I had well hop'd thou wouldest have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heelers.

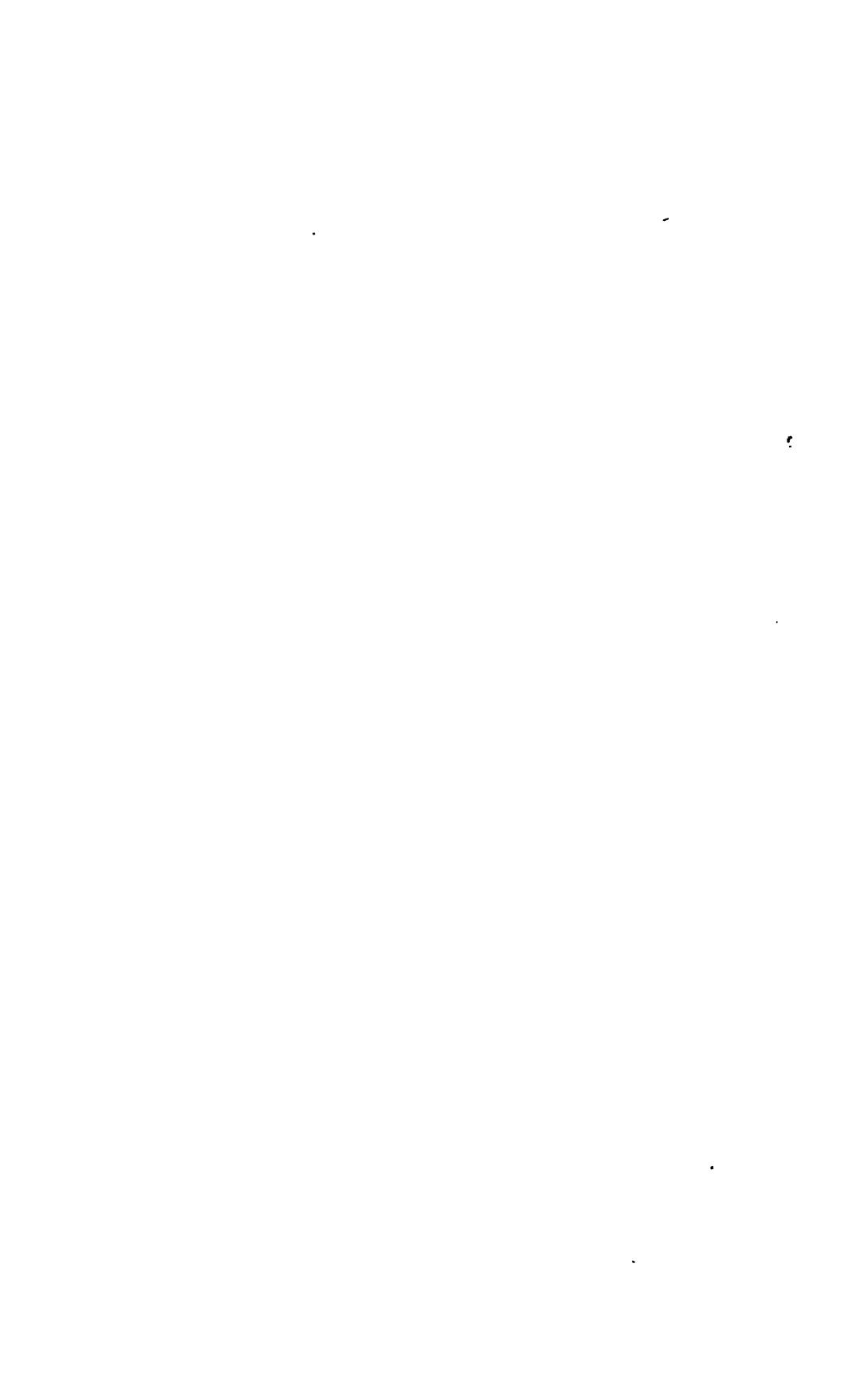
Leon. Wee'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word, therefore play musick. *Prince*, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staff more reverend then one tipt with horn. *Enter Mes.*

Messen. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile devise thee brave punishments for him : strike up pipers. *Dance.*

FINIS.



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